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The Horseman. Dürer. Nuremberg.

Frontispiece

WHAT PICTURES TO SEE IN EUROPE IN ONE SUMMER

BY
LORINDA MUNSON BRYANT
Author of "Pictures and Their Painters"

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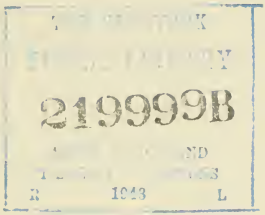

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TO MY SON

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WHAT PICTURES TO SEE IN EUROPE IN ONE SUMMER

I

MISTAKES OF SIGHTSEERS IN EUROPE AND HOW TO AVOID THEM

TWO grave faults are inherent in most American travellers who visit Europe. They are defects, too, that in the eyes of thinkers often have made these tourists, and through them their country, a laughing-stock to the world. Briefly these faults are: (1) covering too much ground in too short a space of time; (2) insufficient preparation intellectually for the trip. No truer statement was ever made about foreign travel than that "you bring back from Europe what you take with you." We all admit that travel is an educator, but must surely agree that haste and ignorance are not conducive to the education of the traveller.

It is far from my desire to foster either of these faults, yet so long as they exist it is my wish to minimize them to the smallest degree of harmfulness. In order to accomplish this the empty brain must be filled in hurried time with something that can be carried duty free back to America. No scheme, however simple, can fill the

void of either time or brains; on the other hand, it is possible to help those people who hurry because they must and who really want to learn, yet have had no time to prepare.

Of all the treasures in Europe pictures probably would lead the list in numbers; and of all the treasures that the travelling public goes to see pictures would no doubt take the lead. But between the vast number of pictures that cover miles of wall space in the galleries of Europe, and the special few that the general sightseer ought to remember, there is a gap too wide for an untrained mind to comprehend. Baedeker, and other admirable guide-book makers, have starred and double-starred selected pictures in their closely printed pages until an attempt to see even the specialized pictures has tired the eyes and confused the brain; and yet not a fraction of the whole number mentioned in these guide-books are marked with an asterisk.

The question is often asked, "How many pictures ought one to remember well enough to describe intelligently after a summer in Europe?" I have heard prominent educators put the number as low as twenty. But why set any limit? Let each individual decide the number for himself. Fortunately the postal-card deluge and cheap reproductions have so multiplied the likenesses of the original paintings that the returned trav-

eller is able to keep before him constant reminders of the masterpieces. This has reduced the necessity of carrying the details of each picture in one's mind, enabling the tourist to devote more time to a study of the underlying thought and characteristics of each artist.

It is vitally important in studying pictures that the best examples in each gallery be surely seen, and also that they be studied before the eyes and brain have become fagged from miscellaneous sightseeing. In order to do this we must be familiar with the pictures that we have come specially to see. Now my plan is to take you with me through some of the principal galleries of Europe and to point out a few of the pictures that the world has accepted as masterpieces. We recognise, as did Michael Angelo, that it is "public opinion" which, after all, gives the true value to a work of art, but furthermore it must be public opinion aided by time and thoughtful criticism. In following out my plan no legitimate means will be neglected that can help to fix the world pictures in the mind. There will be plenty of anecdotes and stories relative to the lives of the artists, besides pertinent bits of history that will place both painter and painting in their proper setting. Tradition, legend, and myth also will be used to explain the meaning of the subjects and to draw attention to the artist's skill in utilising classical

or biblical allusions. Much of the import of a picture is often lost, just as are classical references in literature, through a failure to appreciate some special sign or symbol borrowed from the mythical or historical that illuminates the painter's meaning. Aided by the method outlined above, and assisted also by reproductions of some of the masterpieces, I hope to fix the essentials of a number of pictures in your minds. When at length you have an opportunity to see the original paintings, your judgment, trained to recognise the *best*, will be a reliable guide in selecting other masterpieces from among the vast numbers in the various galleries.

Those who desire to supplement the illustrations in this book with reproductions of the other pictures mentioned may easily do so with blue prints or half-tones purchasable at a penny each.

I have not attempted to give the exact situation of the pictures in the various galleries, as changes are always liable to occur in the arrangement. A local guide-book or inquiry of an attendant, even when he speaks no English, will supply these details.

No more profitable place to begin sightseeing can be found than Italy, and Rome—whither all roads lead, and the Vatican—where the art of painting may be said to centre. But the Vatican is a vast place so again we must specialise and

name the Sistine Chapel. Let me impress upon you at the start, that this trip is not intended to exhaust the picture treasures of the galleries visited, but rather to place before you as many masterpieces as can be seen comfortably and with profit in one summer.

II

ROME—THE VATICAN—THE SISTINE CHAPEL

MICHAEL ANGELO, the presiding genius of the Sistine Chapel, has produced on the ceiling a work so marvellous that for four centuries it has indexed the high-water mark of fresco painting. Along the centre of the ceiling he has depicted scenes representing the history of the world from the first day of creation to the flood. Around the central panels are alternating prophets and sibyls arranged as though they were looking out on the world foretelling coming events.

In the first three panels Michael Angelo pictures the Creator in the act of creation. Such reverent daring was never before put on record. And then, as though to intensify and yet soften the awful mystery of the birth of a world, in the fourth division (Fig. 1) he portrays man in the nascent state. The latent power of that prostrate figure is tremendous! One almost feels the outstretched arm gather strength as the divine spark of life leaps from the finger of God through the

FIG. 1. Creation of Adam. Michael Angelo. Sistine Chapel, Vatican, Rome.

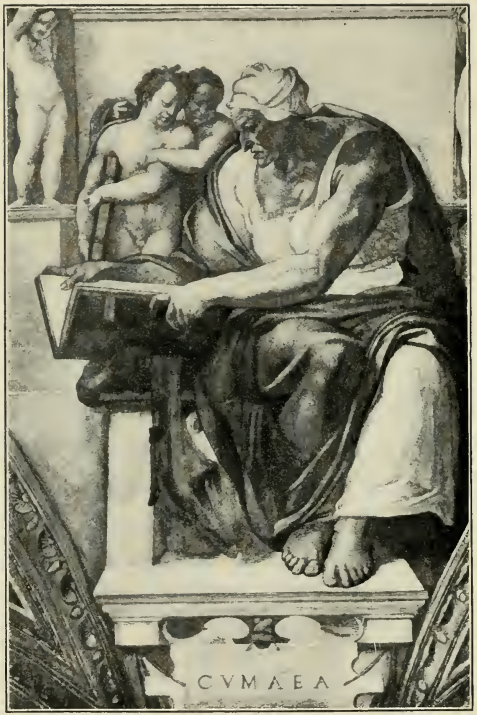

FIG. 2. Cumaean Sibyl. Michael Angelo. Sistine Chapel, Vatican, Rome.

intervening space. The whole being of the newly created Adam is rousing into life before our very eyes. Nothing could equal the simplicity and depth of such a picture but the words of the Bible itself: "So God created man in his own image, in the image of God created he him." How like the shrouded body of the Creator is the nude form of the creature!

In the fifth division Michael Angelo continues to interpret that mysterious story told in Genesis. And who but a great master could have so graphically pictured those grand old words? Listen! "And the Lord caused a deep sleep to fall on Adam, and he slept; and he took one of his ribs. . . . . And the rib which the Lord God had taken from man, made he woman." Now look at the artist's "Creation of Eve." The profound sleep of Adam, the eager, womanly adoration of the newly created Eve, and the human fatherhood of the Creator are products of a God-given genius. Only one whose Bible was a vital part of himself could have told that story so simply and forcefully.

The sibyls foretold to the Gentiles the same event that was the theme of the old Hebrew prophets—the advent and mission of a saviour. Possibly because the Cumæan Sibyl prophesied the Nativity she is the most familiar sibyl in art although she is represented in age from fifteen to decrepit old womanhood. We are inclined to believe

that the dignity of age is greatly to her advantage as she consults her book among her prophetic companions in the Sistine Ceiling (Fig. 2). Just why King Tarquin, six centuries before Christ, withstood her warnings is not known; but tradition says that three times she came to him offering her books before he bought them. At first she had nine books, then burning three she offered the remaining six, and after burning three more Tarquin bought the last three for the original sum asked for the nine. So precious were these leaves that for centuries they were under the care of the priests, until the temple of Jupiter was burned in B.C. 83.

Before we commune with "Jeremiah," one of the grandest figures in all art, let us try to grasp a little of the architectural design of this great scheme of ceiling decoration. Look at those decorative figures placed with such consummate skill that each one, whether of natural colour or of a bronze tint, emerges from the surrounding scenes as though coming from a world of reality. It seems incredible that a vaulted surface—flat in the middle—could be covered so adroitly with imitation columns, pillars, and cornices that the figures amongst them seem but a part of an architectural scheme; and yet the Cumæan Sibyl holds her place in this vast assembly of two hundred figures as though she alone had been considered.

Now we turn to "Jeremiah" (Fig. 3), chief among the prophets. That noble old seer with his head resting on his hand is communing with himself. We know with what bitterness, sadness, and hopefulness he felt the sins, backslidings, and repentances of the chosen people. His attitude is that of one who not only foretells through visions but understands the signs of the time. The strength and grandeur, sympathy and tenderness condensed into that single figure show Michael Angelo's wonderful power in making those old characters live again for us.

Michael Angelo was scarcely thirty-five years old when he began the Sistine Chapel. He had returned to Rome in 1508 to resume his work on the tomb of Julius II; but Bramante, the architect, jealous of the young artist and wishing for his downfall, suggested to Pope Julius that he was just the man to paint the chapel, knowing that painting was Angelo's weak point. Michael Angelo objected, but what cared the Pope that he had done no fresco painting since the days when he was a lad in Ghirlandajo's studio? The Pope's wish was law, and for once the artist yielded, possibly not so much to please his noble patron as to show Bramante that it would take a greater man than he to accomplish his ruin.

Michael Angelo allowed Bramante to put up the scaffolding in the Chapel, only to bring him

to confusion, however, by tearing down his bungling work and demanding to know how the holes made in the dome for the cords to support the suspended scaffolding were to be filled. Bramante answered superciliously, "Fill in with plaster, and paint them after the rest is finished." Michael Angelo was too disgusted to notice such silly nonsense and proceeded to make his own scaffolding, and for the first time a painter's platform was erected without holes in the wall. This little episode was but the beginning of numberless annoyances that marked the progress of the work through the four years until its completion.

One of the tiffs that arose while the artist was executing this marvel of art almost proved fatal to its completion. Michael Angelo wished for money that he might visit his father in Florence. Julius began at once to interrogate him as to how soon he would finish the Chapel. "As soon as I can," the artist replied. This answer was like fire to tow. The touchy old pontiff flew into a passion and repeating in great fury, "As soon as I can," struck the artist with his cane. This indignity was too much for Michael Angelo and he left for Florence with the intention of not returning. But the Pope—always the first to renew the broken friendship—soon repented him of his haste. He sent his favourite attendant with a large sum of money as a peace offering and a humble

FIG. 3. Jeremiah. Michael Angelo. Sistine Chapel. Vatican, Rome.

FIG. 4. Detail from Last Judgment Michael Angelo. Sistine Chapel, Vatican, Rome.

Fig. 5. Last Judgment. Michael Angelo. Sistine Chapel, Vatican, Rome.

request for the artist's return. Even when the work was finished and its praise was on every lip, Julius still dictated and declared that the Chapel looked poor because it lacked gilding. But the final word was spoken when Michael Angelo retorted, "The people I have painted on it are poor."

The marvellous originality of Michael Angelo is just as pronounced in "The Last Judgment," on the altar end of the Chapel. If we begin with the "Christ" (Fig. 4), in the upper part of the fresco, we find a Saviour in whom is combined the commendator and the condemner in a most startling manner. Comparing this conception of the Redeemer with that of the transfigured Saviour in the "Transfiguration," of Raphael (Fig. 11), in the Vatican Picture Gallery, we realize at once how much the temperaments of the two artists have entered into their works. In the one we have the all-powerful Judge, in the other the glorified human Saviour.

Michael Angelo's "Last Judgment" (Fig. 5) as a whole is not a pleasing subject, but no one will deny that even in its cracked and scarred condition to-day, it is a powerful work. No other artist until that day ever had the temerity to picture the scene as one entirely apart from the natural world. Here are clouds and human beings completely covering the east end of the

Chapel. Again the wonderful foreshortening of the individual figures almost surpasses belief. The number and variety of the symbols of martyrdom and the works of the devil given to the re-embodied souls of saints and sinners are only comparable to Dante's Inferno. The fresco was first exhibited to the public on Christmas Day, 1541.

Michael Angelo was now sixty-six and had lost some of the fire of his youth, but he still held his own against opponents. One day the Pope's Master of Ceremonies, Biagio da Cesena, expressed his opinion that the naked figures in the "Last Judgment" were fit only for a bath house. This statement came to the ears of Michael Angelo; he said nothing, but simply painted Biagio's portrait among the damned as Minos. The furious Biagio appealed to the Pope without avail. "I am sorry to hear it," said the Pope when he was told where he had been placed in the fresco, "if he had only put you in purgatory, I could have got you out; but as you are in hell I can do nothing for you. My power doesn't reach so far. *Nulla est redemptio.*" Biagio is still in hell in the "Last Judgment."

The other frescos in the Sistine Chapel (Fig. 6) were painted by six of the leading artists of Italy about the time of Michael Angelo's birth—1475. These artists, Pintoricchio, Botticelli, Ghirlan-

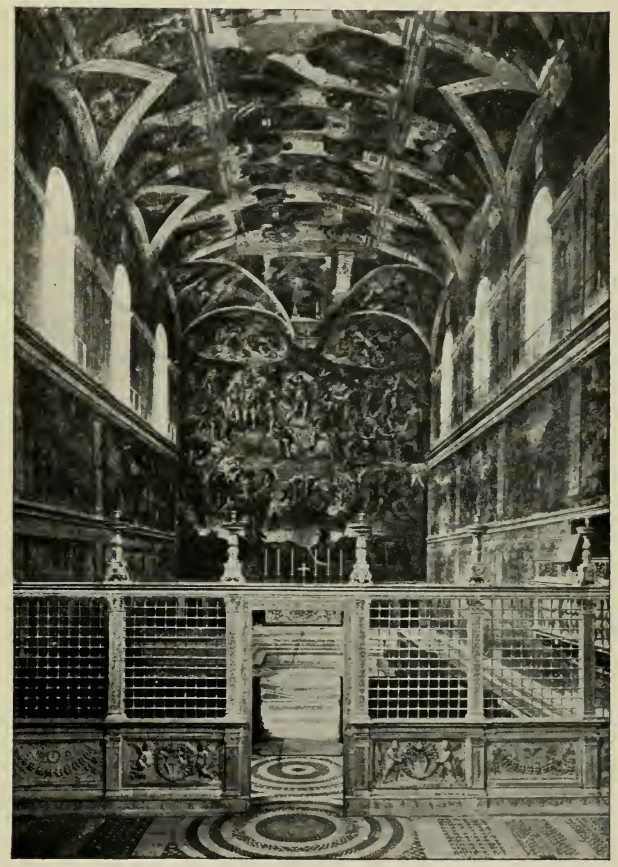

FIG. 6. Sistine Chapel. Vatican, Rome.

Fig. 7. St. Peter Receiving Keys. Perugino. Sistine Chapel, Vatican, Rome.

dajo, Perugino, and Rosselli, have works in every gallery in Europe, so their names will grow familiar to us as we proceed on our journey. The subjects of the twelve frescos on the side walls are from the Old and New Testament. The wily Rosselli, who painted six of the twelve, was inferior as an artist, but superior as a student of human nature. He recognised the plebeian taste of Pope Sixtus IV, who ordered the Chapel built and decorated, and caught the Pope's fancy by covering his trial picture with gold. Human nature repeats itself in all ages.

One of the best preserved of these frescos is "Christ Giving the Keys to St. Peter," by Perugino (Fig. 7). We are especially interested in this artist because of his famous pupil Raphael. Comparing this painting with an early work of Raphael's, "The Marriage of the Virgin," in Milan (Fig. 55), we find how much alike were master and pupil during the early years of the latter's art career. The spaciousness of this composition of Perugino's is particularly pleasing. Notice how the space between the foreground and background is intensified by the tessellated pavement and the figures placed at varying distances from each other. How satisfying is that lofty dome with its open verandas, and the lovely landscape in the distance set against the fleecy clouds and deep blue of the sky!

III

ROME—THE VATICAN—TAPESTRIES, STANZE, LOGGIA, AND PICTURE GALLERY

YOU possibly noticed underneath the older frescos in the Sistine Chapel painted imitations of tapestries. Let us now look at the real fabrics displayed in one of the corridors of the Vatican, and on state occasions hung in the Chapel. Raphael designed and painted the original cartoons or patterns by order of Julius II. These were sent to Flanders where the tapestries were woven in wool, silk, and gold. For many years the original cartoons were lost, but seven of them were finally recovered through the efforts of Peter Paul Rubens, and, at his suggestion, Charles I. bought them for England and to-day they are among the treasures of the South Kensington Museum, London.

Raphael chose for his subjects on these tapestries stories from the New Testament, most of them illustrating various scenes from the lives of the Apostles as told in The Acts. Possibly the picture most familiar to us, however, is the one

representing the memorable dialogue between the Saviour and Peter as related by St. John, when the charge was given "Feed my Sheep" (Fig. 8). While Raphael no doubt had in mind that morning so long ago when the Saviour met a few of the disciples on the shores of the sea of Tiberias, he has modified the scene to represent St. Peter as the founder of the Roman Church. All of the disciples are present and St. Peter is receiving the keys as significant of his superior standing among them.

Naturally we turn next to Raphael's Stanze, but before doing so, let us stop to see a little gem in the Borgia apartment—Pintoricchio's "Madonna and Child" (Fig. 9). These rooms, decorated by order of Pope Alexander VI., the infamous Borgia of history, were walled up by Julius II. and were not seen again until Pope Leo XIII. ordered them opened less than half a century ago. The very name Borgia suggests plots, murders, and unseemly conduct in the most holy relationships of life. It scarcely seems possible that Julia Farnese, the mistress of Alexander VI., could have been the model for this beautiful picture. The fresco is over the door of one of the chambers, so do not overlook it, thinking to find it among the larger paintings on the side walls.

Raphael's Stanze in the papal state-apartments in the Vatican were painted by order of

Popes Julius II. and Leo X. When Michael Angelo began the Sistine ceiling in 1508, Raphael also commenced decorating the rooms of the state-apartment. He was then twenty-five years old, and at his death, twelve years later, only three of the four rooms were completed. Not all the frescos in these three rooms are by Raphael's own hand, yet his happy faculty of instilling his own spirit into his pupils has made the work a perfect whole. The room of greatest interest, and almost entirely by the master's hand, is the Stanza della Signatura, so called because the papal indulgences were signed and sealed therein. The subjects here represented are symbolical of Theology, Poetry, Philosophy, and Justice. In the lunette, under the ceiling fresco of Poetry, is "Parnassus" (Fig. 10), a subject wonderfully pleasing in conception and arrangement. On top of the mount in the centre of the circle lsits Apollo surrounded by the muses, and at his eft blind Homer inspired to sing by the music of the god. Dante, Virgil, Petrarch, and Sappho are just below Homer and on the opposite side are Pindar and Horace, in company with contemporaries of the artists of the early sixteenth century. Raphael's marvellous skill as a space-filler has transformed the awkward shape over and around the window frame into a form most convenient for the design he wished to portray.

FIG. 8. Feed My Sheep. Raphael. Vatican, Rome.

FIG. 9. Madonna and Child. Pintoricchio. Vatican, Rome.

FIG. 10. Mount Parnassus. Raphael. Vatican, Rome.

Another place in the Vatican where Raphael has shown this power of turning curious and unequal shapes to advantage is the Loggia—a portico ornamented with his pictures. On the ceiling of this gallery is Raphael's Bible. The subdividing rafters separate this ceiling into thirteen vaults and in each vault are four scenes. The subjects in twelve of the vaults are taken from the Old Testament and in the last one are scenes from the New Testament. It is interesting to compare Raphael's conception of "The Creation of Eve," the fourth picture in the second section, with Michael Angelo's treatment of the same subject on the Sistine ceiling. These paintings are badly injured, for the portico was open to the weather until 1813 when the glass front was added.

In the picture gallery of the Vatican the first painting that claims our attention is Raphael's "Transfiguration" (Fig. 11), the work that was left unfinished at the artist's untimely death. Raphael began this canvas in a trial of skill between himself and Sebastiano del Piombo. The latter's picture, "The Raising of Lazarus," is in the National Gallery, London (Fig. 120). Michael Angelo, jealous for Piombo and knowing his weakness in drawing, himself drew in the figure of Lazarus. This concession to his ability caused Raphael to make the famous remark: "Michael

Angelo has graciously favoured me, in that he deemed me worthy to compete with himself, and not with Sebastiano." No one but a master would have dared to make two centres of interest, as Raphael has in this painting. But note how he has subordinated the human side in the lower half of the picture by raising the hands of the distressed disciples and pointing them to the transfigured Saviour above as their only source of strength. This masterpiece, with colours still wet, was carried in the funeral train and placed at the head of the young painter as his body lay in state.

Opposite this glorious painting is Raphael's picture of the "Madonna of Foligno." This picture was painted for Sigismund Conti, an aged bishop of Foligno, in commemoration of the preservation of his life, when a shell exploded near him at the bombardment of the city of Foligno. The painting was finished after the bishop's death and remained in Rome for fifty years before it was taken to Foligno. Napoleon carried the painting to Paris and after the battle of Waterloo it was returned to Italy and finally hung in the Vatican gallery. Although this is one of Raphael's earlier oil paintings it is in colour-blending one of the most beautiful. For the first time in the history of art the traditional throne under a canopy gives place to clouds and the free

Fig. 11. Transfiguration. Raphael. Vatican, Rome.

FIG. 12. Last Communion of St. Jerome. Domenichino. Vatican, Rome.

air of heaven where the Madonna and Child float encircled by a halo of cherubs with sweet baby faces. The boy-angel looking up at the Virgin seems to be the connecting bond between earth and heaven in this grateful thank-offering. Vasari says, "It is not possible to imagine anything more graceful or beautiful than this child." The exquisite beauty of the Virgin, the sweet joyousness of the baby Jesus, and the sincere gratitude of the worn and aged bishop raised this picture to a place of great distinction among the artists of all Italy during Raphael's own lifetime.

In the next room is Perugino's "Resurrection," which is especially interesting because the sleeping soldier in it is probably a portrait of Raphael and the fleeing man at the left that of Perugino himself. Raphael at this time was a pupil in Perugino's studio and may have assisted on the picture. The solitariness of the figures in the composition is a marked trait of Perugino; besides there is here also a solidity of colour and a crisp precision of execution that are prominent features of all his oil paintings.

Domenichino's "Last Communion of St. Jerome" (Fig. 12) has acquired a reputation that its real merit can hardly justify. For some unaccountable reason also, it has crept into several lists of the ten great pictures of the world, but that it is an intruder in such company is self-

evident. Domenichino has represented poor old St. Jerome so realistically, however, that no one could doubt that he had crucified the flesh until all earthly desires were overcome. The composition is powerful, but the lack of warmth in colour and the hardness in handling detract from its value as a masterpiece. It is pleasing to note how the artist has recognised the quaint legend of the saint by placing the lion near him. We all love the old story wherein it is told that St. Jerome extracted a thorn from the lion's foot, and that ever afterward this king of the forest was the faithful servant and protector of the old saint in his desert home. Then later when the lion had offended his master he sought forgiveness by bringing to St. Jerome another lion with a thorn in his foot and thus redeemed himself by good works. Such old legends teach many a wholesome lesson.

The few pictures we have selected in the Vatican are simply examples to be used until time and inclination shall prompt a wider study of the great masterpieces in that famous gallery.

IV

ROME—PICTURES IN CHURCHES AND PALACES

IN the Sacristy of St. Peter's are the "Angel" (Fig. 13) fragments from the frescos of Melozzo da Forli formerly in the church of S.S. Apostoli. These beautiful beings with wings are nearly as well known as the Fra Angelico angels. Originally they formed the choir in the "Ascension of Christ," and were arranged in the clouds around the central scene. There is something especially sweet and girlish in the attitude of this angel as she gazes so wistfully at the scene below. She is a real child of the earth but with heavenly longings that make the short, firm wings her rightful possession. Although da Forli is scarcely mentioned in the history of art, his power in foreshortening alone places him among the great artists.

Most of the isolated pictures in Rome are well known through copies, but probably the most familiar is Guido Reni's "Aurora" (Fig. 14). This fresco is on the ceiling of one of the rooms of the Rospigliosi Palace. The colours in the

"Aurora" have scarcely grown a whit dim in the two centuries and a half since Guido laid them. So clear and pleasing is the harmony of these colours and so refined the graceful figures of the dancing muses that one might think Guido Reni a contemporary of Raphael. Unfortunately, his insincerity of pose and expression typify the decadence in Italy a hundred years later. We forget this insincerity, however, in our delight over the dun horses against the yellow sky, and the exquisite shading of the goddesses' robes and the blue haze hovering over the bit of landscape below.

Another painting of Guido's that is very suggestive of Raphael's influence is "St. Michael and the Dragon," in the church of S. Maria dei Cappuccini. The composition of the subject in the two pictures is almost identical. In Guido's picture the Archangel puts forth real physical strength to overcome the dragon, but Raphael's "St. Michael" triumphed through moral force alone (see Fig. 92). The archangels of both artists are wonderfully beautiful in form and features, but Guido has given to his a touch of human vanity quite unfitting one who is the conqueror of the powers of hell and the Angel of Death. It was Michael the Archangel, the first and mightiest of beings, that God sent to expel Satan and the fallen angels from heaven. In all represen-

Fig. 13. Playing Angel. Melozzo da Forlì. Sacristy of St. Peter's.

FIG. 14. Aurora. Guido Reni. Rospigliosi Palace, Rome

tations of this subject in art Satan is half human or dragon-like in form and St. Michael, standing with his foot on the Evil One, holds a lance or chain.

We will now go to the Palazzo Barberini and look at another very popular picture of Guido Reni's, the so-called "Beatrice Cenci." This portrait has become so firmly fixed in the minds of picture-lovers as the likeness of the fair parricide a few days before her execution, that it is hard to overcome that belief. But it is now an established fact that Guido did not come to Rome until after her execution for instigating the murder of her father. Futhermore, this painting is not a portrait at all, but Guido's idea of a sibyl. With these facts in mind it is easy to trace sibylline attributes in the far-seeing expression of the eyes, the classic folds of the turban on the head, and the severe simplicity of the drapery. As tradition makes many of the sibyls not more than fifteen years old, this lovely young girl might very well foretell the Nativity or the Massacre of the Innocents.

Another familiar picture in this gallery is Raphael's "Fornarina." Raphael fell in love with this lady while he was at work in the Vatican and although a man of many loves he remained true to her until his death. The name "Fornarina" came from the supposition that her father

was a baker (*fornajo*). She is not beautiful, as we judge of beauty to-day, but the artist's own words will tell why he adored her, "Love, thou hast bound me with the light of thy two eyes which torment me, with a face like snow and roses, with sweet words and tender manners." No words could describe the picture more fully. The two eyes do indeed hold one captive, and in their unfathomable depth lies the charm of her personality. Raphael painted his lady-love many times.

In one of the chapels of S. Trinita de'Monte is Volterra's "Descent from the Cross" (Fig. 15). It is thought from the excellence of the drawing and composition that Michael Angelo may have assisted Volterra. This is possible, for the friendship that existed between these two men was very close and when Michael Angelo was nearing his end it was Volterra who stayed by him and finally closed his eyes in death. This painting is often compared with Rubens' "Descent" in Antwerp (see Fig. 89). Again we find a repetition in composition, but Rubens, a hundred years later, has far excelled in the artistic handling of the subject. We value Volterra's "Descent" as his masterpiece, but would not class it among the ten great pictures as has often been done.

Over the arch of the entrance to the Chigi Chapel in the church of S. Maria della Pace, are Ra-

Fig. 15. Descent from the Cross. Volterra. Church of Trinità de' Monti, Rome.

FIG. 16. Sibyls. Raphael. Church of Santa Maria della Pace, Rome.

phael's "Sibyls" (Fig. 16). So similar are they in conception to those in the Sistine Chapel that Michael Angelo remarked when he first saw them, "He has walked through my Chapel." Alike, and yet how different! Just compare the "Cumæan Sibyl," at the extreme left of the fresco, with the older artist's Cumæan Sibyl (Fig. 2). There is nothing of the supernatural about this lovable, sweetly human woman. With what fitness and grace the figures are grouped in the semicircle! There is not the slightest intimation that the artist was restricted but rather that he planned the architecture to suit his fresco. In fact, Raphael decorated so many of these broken spaces in churches and palaces that his peculiar grouping could be designated as Raphaelesque.

An interesting story is told in reference to this painting of the Sibyls. When the fresco was ordered, 500 ducats was paid on account. When the work was finished Raphael asked for the amount yet due him, but Chigi's cashier refused to pay. The matter was referred to Michael Angelo and his verdict was that each head alone in the fresco was worth 100 ducats. When Chigi heard this he ordered that 400 ducats be paid him at once and advised his cashier that he "be courteous with Raphael and satisfy him well, for if he makes us pay for the draperies, too, we shall be ruined!"

We may again see Raphael at his best in "Galatea," in the Farnesina Villa, on the Tiber. This fresco was painted entirely by Raphael's own hand in 1415. In it he has followed the description of the sea-nymph, Galatea, as given by Philostratus, the Greek sophist of the third century A.D.

Galatea was the goddess who, to escape the hateful advances of the monster Cyclops, made her home in the depth of the sea. We see her in this fresco surrounded by admiring tritons bearing sea-nymphs in their arms and blithe little cupids circling like birds with their arrows ever ready for use. The goddess is borne triumphantly along on a shell drawn by dolphins which she gently guides with silken reins. Her purple robe and golden hair flutter lightly in the wind. Her exquisite beauty and grace and the exuberance of life in her companions mark this fresco as one of Raphael's finest efforts in the reproduction of Greek mythological stories.

V

FLORENCE—UFFIZI

FLORENCE is the city of pictures. This fact warns us that self-restraint is very necessary. One of the greatest temptations of sightseers when in the midst of a treasure-house of gems is to include too much at the outset. Often you will see systematic people begin at the right or the left as they enter a room and inspect each work in order. By the time a score of pictures have been examined the sightseer has lost all power of discrimination and a Raphael masterpiece receives no more attention than a Carlo Dolci commonplace. Such picture-study is absurd.

Let us go in the *morning* directly to the Uffizi Gallery. Never is the allurement greater to look at everything at once than in this veritable riot of colour and subject. We will not stop, however, until we come to Albertinelli's "Salutation" (Fig. 17), the greatest example of that favourite subject. The question naturally arises, "How was it possible for a man whose life was so full of irregularities to paint a picture so full

of beauty and devoutness?" When once seen this picture is never forgotten. One finds satisfaction in every detail. Look at the exquisitely painted flowers in the foreground, the simple white handkerchief over the head and shoulders of Elizabeth, the ample folds of the blue robe encircling the form of the Virgin, the delicate tracery of the supporting pillars and the tiny bit of hill country on either side of the arched portico. How simple are the figures of Mary and Elizabeth! The severely plain garments have no ornaments to detract from the symbolic colours of blue and red for the Virgin, and green, yellow, and white for the prospective mother of John the Baptist—heavenly love and creative power in the one, and hope, fruitfulness, and chastity in the other. The artist has well expressed the submissive yet dignified attitude of Elizabeth and Mary's sweet acknowledgment of the adoration of the older woman. The power of a master's hand is felt in this masterpiece.

To fully appreciate Albertinelli's strength in this picture one must take into account the wonderful influence exerted over him by his Christian friend, Fra Bartolommeo. That sincere monk, the devoted follower of Savonarola, held the rollicksome, heedless Albertinelli within certain bounds; but even his influence could not keep the artist from throwing off the restraints of art for the

Fig. 17. The Visitation. Albertinelli. Uffizi Gallery, Florence.

Fig. 18. Madonna of the Harpies. Andrea del Sarto. Uffizi Gallery, Florence.

free and easy life of a tavern-keeper at one of the gates of Florence. This erratic change in his mode of life did not mar their friendship, however, for when the end came to the reckless, self-indulgent Albertinelli, it was the gentle, loving and protecting arms of Fra Bartolommeo that held him when he breathed his last. Who knows but what the erring soul gained admission to heaven through the prayers of his Christian friend?

In the "Madonna of the Harpies" (Fig. 18), we see Andrea del Sarto at his best; and yet how that best was marred by the beautiful, thoughtless, selfish wife who was the model of this painting and the idol of the artist's heart. No one will deny that nature gave to that arrogant woman a face almost divine in its loveliness; there is little wonder then that Andrea saw in it the Holy Mother. But even he drops the eyelids over the brilliant eyes to harmonize the faultless features with the deep religious sentiment he has breathed into the composition. The sweet simplicity of arrangement and the exquisite harmony of colour have given a dignity and religious tone seldom equalled in works of art. Very beautifully the rich red robe and tender blue mantle contrast with the pink baby flesh of the lovely Child! and the mellow white of the veil against the glorious auburn hair of the Mother

softens and purifies every feature. So like a statue in pose is this detail of the Mother and Child that it could be reproduced in the purest Carrara marble. The "Harpies" on the pedestal have given the name to the painting.

Some one in writing of Andrea del Sarto (1486–1531) said that he either came too late or too soon to be placed among the greatest artists of his time. Is this statement true or was Browning right in the words he puts into the artist's own mouth in the closing lines of his poem, "Andrea del Sarto"? The artist is pleading with his wayward, headstrong wife, and, as though summing up the whole matter, says:

> " . . . Had the mouth there urged
> God and the glory! never care for gain.
> . . . . . .
> 'Live for fame, side by side with Angelo!
> Raphael is waiting: up to God, all three!
> I might have done it for you. So it seems:
> Perhaps not. All is as God over-rules.' "

No saint in the calendar of the Roman Church has a more authentic history than St. Sebastian, and never has the saint been more beautifully portrayed than by Il Sodoma (Fig. 19). This picture is not only this artist's masterpiece, but one of the great paintings of the world. The classic beauty and noble bearing of the young man relieve the subject of all disagreeable effects

because of the mode of his martyrdom. Somehow the physical comeliness of the saint has been enhanced by the look of spiritual suffering on the upturned face. Every gallery in Europe has a painting of St. Sebastian, and in most of the pictures the arrows are so much in evidence that one's flesh shrinks and recoils with pain at the thought of the cruel wounds, but Il Sodoma has overcome the physical idea of pain by captivating the mind with beauty of form and spirit. What a rare bit of nature-study is the landscape stretching away in the distance, and how fitting is the classic ruin in the foreground.

The story of Sebastian, who was born of noble parents in A.D. 288, is the history of the persecution of the early Christians in Rome. He was a favourite guard of the Emperor Diocletian, but when his conversion became known, and no persuasion could win him from the New Faith, the emperor ordered him put to death by shooting with arrows. When this torture failed to end his life, he was beaten to death and his body thrown into the Cloaca Maxima (a deep aqueduct). But his faithful friends found the body and buried it tenderly in the Catacombs. The arrow among the heathen was an emblem of pestilence, so ever since St. Sebastian's martyrdom, he has been the saint who could allay a pestilence.

As we turn to Botticelli's "Coronation of the Virgin" (Fig. 20), we are struck at once with the note of melancholy that pervades the picture. Here is a new type of Madonna, thoughtful and sad, and at times almost brooding. She shows none of the joy of motherhood, but seems rather to have a foreboding sense of coming suffering. She is here represented as writing the word "Magnificat," and we fancy that we can hear the solemn tones of the organ mingling with the angel voices. The innocent, thoughtful faces of the lovely children (two are said to be the Medici children) redeem in a measure the sad face of the Mother. The spirit of mystery hovering over the group is intensified by the winding stream gliding through the stretch of country; now it is visible in the foreground, then hidden by hill and dale, only to come to view again in the distance beyond. Do we not hear it murmur

> "For men may come and men may go,
> But I go on forever,"

referring to the immortal Child in the lap of the Holy Mother?

Ruskin says of Botticelli: "He was the only painter of Italy who understood the thoughts of the heathen and Christian equally, and could in a measure paint both Aphrodite and the Madonna." Let us now look at his "Birth of Venus,"

FIG. 19. St. Sebastian. Il Sodoma. Uffizi Gallery, Florence.

Fig. 20. Coronation of the Virgin. Botticelli. Uffizi Gallery, Florence.

his most celebrated work next to "Spring," in the Academy (Fig. 30). Notice the sober tone of the picture, the exquisite grace of the nude figure, and the timid, bewildered expression on the newly created goddess. See how lightly and softly the breezes caress the shrinking form and play with the tresses of hair still damp from the sea's embrace.

The Uffizi is rich in masterpieces from Botticelli's brush. Look at his "Judith with the Head of Holofernes." The dignity and grace of that proud woman convince one that she was indeed the handmaiden of God to deliver the chosen people from the hateful Babylonian general. Read the story in the Apocryphal book of Judith, and notice how perfectly Botticelli has understood that historic incident.

Another one of his famous pictures is "Calumny." The subject was worked up from Lucian's description of a celebrated painting of the same subject by the Greek artist Apelles. The Greek painting grew out of a trouble caused by a jealous artist who slandered Apelles and turned his patron, King Ptolemy of Egypt, against him, and Botticelli's picture seems to have come from a like reason—he being accused of heresy when absent from Rome. Calumny is the female figure in the middle of the front who is dragging a youth, Innocence, by the hair

and presenting him to King Midas, the monarch with the ass's ears. Hypocrisy and Treachery accompany Calumny, and in front of them is Envy, a hideous man in brown. Suspicion and Ignorance are whispering to King Midas, and the old hag at the left is Falsehood, the mother of Calumny. The only attractive figure is naked Truth, a lovely young girl who is appealing to heaven. When the pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood started in England fifty years ago, Botticelli again came into his own in the art world, and his popularity continues to increase with the passing years.

Vasari says of Raphael's "Portrait of Julius II.," "the sight of it made one tremble." This portrait (Fig. 21) is a replica from the original cartoon, made with coal and chalk, now in the Corsini Palace, Florence. A replica of a picture is a second painting (sometimes more) of the same subject by the original painter and, of course, may vary from the first work, as suits the artist's fancy. Only the original artist can make a replica—other artists make copies. This Uffizi portrait is considered the best of all the likenesses of Julius II. Raphael has chosen the moment when the old Pope was deep in thought, but his quiet is full of restless energy. The red cap and violet velvet cape seem to intensify the severe features of the irascible old Pontiff; see how well

Fig. 21. Pope Julius II. Raphael. Uffizi Gallery, Florence.

Fig. 22. Knight of Malta. Giorgione. Uffizi Gallery, Florence.

the rings on his nervous, expressive hands mark his high office. Such a man was indeed the match of Michael Angelo, but only as Greek meets Greek. In the Pitti Gallery is another replica so nearly equal in power to this portrait that some authorities prefer it.

Another painting of Raphael's, "The Madonna of the Goldfinch," is of peculiar interest to us, as it marks the first definite change of his manner from that of his master Perugino. The history of this picture is unusual. It was painted on wood, for Lorenzo Nasi, in 1507, as a wedding-gift from Nasi to his bride. On August 9, 1548, the house of Lorenzo Nasi, in Florence, was destroyed by the sinking of the hill of San Giorgio. The "Madonna of the Goldfinch," buried in the ruins, was broken into many pieces, but Batista, the son of Nasi, pieced together the fragments with so much skill that the injury is scarcely noticeable.

The "Knight of Malta" (Fig. 22), considered by most critics to be a genuine Giorgione, is a fine example of the Venetian school. Mr. Timothy Cole in the notes on his engraving of the Knight says: "No artist knows better than Giorgione how to captivate the mind and hold the imagination with so few means." How simple the notes of contrast in this masterpiece! The cross of Malta glimmering on the black overgarment

gives richness to the material; the dark chestnut-brown hair and beard heighten the purity of the face, and the olive-wood beads strengthen the partly closed fingers. The softness and richness of the blended colours are due to the skill of a master mind.

Another portrait of singular beauty is Titian's "Flora." This lovely woman is supposed to be the daughter of the artist Palma Vecchio, and tradition suggests that she was the mistress of Titian. That story may be truth or fiction, but the picture itself testifies that we have before us one of the loveliest ideals of womanhood. This woman, far removed from human frailties, is as pure as a lily. No ornaments have been used to heighten nature's handiwork. The fair face is crowned with a wealth of golden hair, and the soft outlines of the rounded neck and curving shoulders, revealed by the natural lowness of the chemise, speak only of the charm of a perfect woman. This is one of the daintiest of Titian's creations.

VI

FLORENCE—PITTI GALLERY

WE can go directly from the Uffizi to the Pitti Gallery by crossing the river Arno on the Ponte Vecchio. This quaint old bridge, designed by Taddeo Gaddi in the fourteenth century, has a connecting corridor, built on the second story by Vasari in 1564, which unites the two palaces. It is a ten minutes' walk from one gallery to the other, so if time is very precious, the two collections may be seen in one forenoon.

Of all the masterpieces in the Pitti Gallery, yes, even in the world, possibly the best loved is Raphael's "Madonna della Sedia." Before looking at it, however, let us go to Titian's "Magdalene" (Fig. 23), while the Venetian school is still fresh in our minds from seeing Giorgione's "Knight of Malta" (Fig. 22). Titian, in 1531, when fifty-four years old, painted the "Magdalene" for Francesco Maria II., the Duke of Urbino. The picture portrays a woman in the full maturity of a perfect physical development. The penitence of the courted beauty is manifested only in the upturned face and dropping tear. If Titian is

following the tradition that the Magdalene, the sister of Martha and Lazarus, had lived, since the death of her parents, in the world of fashion and pleasure, until touched by the Saviour's love, then the physical perfection of this handsome woman is in perfect harmony with her past life. Certainly this magnificent specimen of mature womanhood exemplifies in every detail the results of unceasing care of a devotee of fashion for the personal charms. Flesh, nails, eyebrows, and eyelashes have been observed very carefully and unceasing pains have been bestowed upon the glorious hair. Here is one of the most perfect examples of "Titian hair"—a colour so like strands of gold that the sunlight once caught in its meshes is held captive while it sparkles and glistens from strand to strand. No wonder this picture has been reproduced again and again.

Titian's "La Bella," in the Pitti, is another likeness of the Duchess of Urbino. It is well to compare this with the portrait of her in the Uffizi; and also note how similar to both of these portraits is the face of the "Venus," in the same gallery.

We will now turn to the "Madonna della Sedia," or "Madonna of the Chair," as it is more familiarly known. Hawthorne calls this masterpiece "The most beautiful picture in the world, I am convinced." Never before nor since has any artist

Fig. 23. Magdalene. Titian. Pitti Gallery, Florence.

Fig. 24. Madonna of Grand Duke. Raphael. Pitti Gallery, Florence.

represented the motherhood of the Virgin so fully. Raphael seems to have comprehended the very heart of mother-love in the tender caresses of this human mother; while the closely clinging children appeal to us because of their innocent, confiding dependence! Most attractive is that familiar old legend about the origin of the picture. We need only the outline of the story to bring it to mind again. Raphael, it is said, sketched the picture on a barrel head, and the barrel was made from an old oak. This oak-tree and the mother of these children were called "daughters" by an old hermit in the mountains. The hermit had prophesied that both of his "daughters" would become famous some day, and we can truly say that he foretold correctly. Who knows but what Raphael did really see this mother just at nightfall sitting by the open window crooning over her baby-boy and gently quieting her elder born who had come seeking comfort after a day of restless play? The artist instinct would very quickly see the universal motherhood in such a family group. Into the face of the holy Mother and divine Child he has put a divinity that defies description, but holds our love and devotion. This painting, entirely by his own hand, was made for Pope Leo X., or some of the Medici, while he was at work in the Vatican between 1510 and 1514. The records prove that it was

exhibited in the "Tribuna" of the Uffizi Gallery as early as 1589.

Another of Raphael's Madonnas, entirely by his own hand, is "Madonna del Granduca" (Fig. 24). It was painted in 1504 when he went to Florence for the first time, just after he left the studio of Perugino, and was at one time owned by the artist Carlo Dolci. Next we know it belonged to a poor widow who sold it, at the end of the eighteenth century, to a picture-dealer for about twenty dollars. Still later it again changed hands and came into the possession of the Grand Duke of Tuscany, Ferdinand III., for the magnificent sum of eight hundred dollars. Ferdinand, who reigned from 1781 to 1824, thought so much of the picture that he always took it with him wherever he travelled, and the Grand Duchess, his wife, is said to have offered prayers to it when she wished for the birth of a son.

The purity and simplicity of this Madonna and Child show Raphael's deep religious feeling without the least sign of effort. The Virgin has the bashful timidity of one first awakened to motherhood, and the Child looks straight at us with the wide-open eyes of babyhood. Both are charming as the expression of a religion that all can understand.

We must not fail to look at "Pope Julius II.," as a companion of the replica in the Uffizi. And

FIG. 25. The Muses. Romano. Pitti Gallery, Florence.

Fig. 26. The Fates. Michael Angelo. Pitti Gallery, Florence.

Fig. 27. The Concert. Giorgione. Pitti Gallery, Florence.

now we will go to "Pope Leo X.," another *very* great example of Raphael's power in portraiture. The Pontiff is the principal figure in the picture —on the left is Cardinal Giulio de' Medici (afterward Pope Clement VII.), and on the right Cardinal Luigi de' Rossi, the Pope's secretary. Leo X. was a man singular in features and character; his short-sighted eyes, swollen nose, puffy cheeks and chin, and protruding lips indicate an easy, soft good-nature when submission to his will was absolute, but of a cruel, unreasoning temper when roused by opposition.

A curious story is told of a copy of this painting. Pope Clement VII. presented the original to the Duke of Mantua, and told Ottavio de' Medici to deliver the picture. But Ottavio was loath to have so precious a gem leave Florence, so delayed sending the painting upon one pretext and another. In the mean time he had a copy made by Andrea del Sarto and when it was finished sent that to the Duke instead of the original. The deception was complete until years afterward when Vasari, who knew about the copy, undeceived the Duke by showing him Andrea del Sarto's name under the frame on the edge of the painting. The copy is now in Naples.

Another very popular picture in the Pitti is Romano's "Dance of the Muses" (Fig. 25). Romano was the most celebrated of Raphael's

pupils, but he did not reflect the master's glory; in fact, he was the beginning of the end of the Italian Renaissance. The "Dance of the Muses" is full of poetic motion, as seen in the rhythm and swing of the circling muses as they join hands with Apollo. The fluttering dainty robes, and the fair hair of the lovely maidens so classically coiled about their shapely heads, are all in full harmony with the scene. Romano has also given a most pleasing colour-scheme in the delicate tints against the gold background.

What a strange contrast, however, is this poem of motion to Michael Angelo's "Fates" (Fig. 26). Here are dignity and self-restraint in every line of the figures. And why not? Are not these ancient dames weaving the thread of life? This picture was probably painted by Rosso, but designed by Michael Angelo. An interesting story is told of the origin of the picture. An old woman annoyed the great master during the siege of Florence in 1529, by insisting that her son should fight for the city. Michael Angelo had his revenge by using her as the model for all three Fates and making them witches instead of young and beautiful girls as the Greeks had always represented them. He has given to each figure the symbol of her office in weaving the web of life—Clotho holds the spindle, Lachesis twists the thread, and Atropos has the shears ready to cut it.

Authentic Giorgiones are rare, but critics pronounce "The Concert" (Fig. 27), in the Pitti, one of his masterpieces. The identity of the three men has long been under dispute. Some authorities name Luther in the centre, Melancthon on the left, and Calvin on the right. But as the first two do not resemble other portraits of them in the Uffizi, and also as the artist died when Calvin was only two years old, this identity does not seem correct or indicate that the painting is a genuine Giorgione. It matters very little just who the men were; the artist has made them *men* in the true sense of the word. The power with which those delicate fingers grasp the keys and the keen sensitiveness of the sharp features show a man of thought and understanding. Such a man could have resisted the authority of the Pope even to rising from his knees on the Scala Santa and exclaiming, "The just shall live by faith."

Another group in character-study worthy of our greatest admiration is Lorenzo Lotto's "Three Ages of Man" (Fig. 28). The influence of Giorgione is largely in evidence in the painting, but Lotto has preserved his own individuality in delineating personal traits. Could anything be finer than the heedless look of boyhood so plainly marked on the young lad's face? He is giving respectful attention, but his thoughts are with

the game in prospect. The thoughtful earnestness of the younger man is not simply that of a teacher imparting a special lesson, but of one seeking to awaken the thinking-powers of his young charge. The veteran at the left has the scars of many battles, and his steady eye and firm mouth tell of strength gained in winning them. This man lived and still lives; we feel that he is summing *us* up as we stand before him. But it is not only in giving individual traits that Lotto has excelled in this painting. Look at the skilful handling of colour and the careful placing of the figures. The boy's black cap and hair are in contrast to the white beard and bronze flesh of the old man, and this sombre tone is again offset by the soft, rich cardinal gown of the man and the purplish maroon of the boy's dress. Look at the blending of the younger man's chestnut-brown hair with the deeper brown of the background, and note how the flesh of that expressive hand glows with health against Nature's own green on the overgarment! The whole picture is so full of thought, simply expressed, that one feels its influence without analysing its cause.

In Andrea del Sarto's "Holy Family" (Fig. 29), we again see the face of his coldly beautiful wife. But now he has transformed it in the simple, womanly mother sitting on the floor with a darling baby-boy leaning against her. There is something

Fig. 28. Three Ages of Man. Lorenzo Lotto. Pitti Gallery, Florence.

Fig. 29. Holy Family. Andrea del Sarto. Pitti Gallery, Florence.

winning about this family group. The happy, tender look of the aged Elizabeth as she supports the little St. John against her knees is full of proud motherhood; how different is her expression of satisfied longings from the expression of surprised wonder in the whole attitude of the youthful Mary. The softened outlines, delicately blended colours, and perfect grouping make this a pleasing and satisfying picture. Andrea painted it for Ottavio de' Medici about 1529, and Ottavio was so pleased with the work that he doubled the artist's price for it. Andrea was so accurate in the technical part of his art that he was often called "Andrea the Faultless." Even the great Michael Angelo wrote of him to Raphael: "There is a little fellow in Florence who, if he were employed as you are upon great works, would make it hot for you."

VII

FLORENCE—ACADEMY

WHILE the Academy in Florence is the place to study the growth of Italian art, still it has a few masterpieces that even the hurried sightseer must not omit. Among these is Botticelli's "Spring" (Fig. 30). Unfortunately we do not know the artist's interpretation of this allegory, but since the picture was painted for Cosmo de' Medici, it is fairly certain that the central figure, with the white dress and red drapery, is a portrait of one of the Medici family, and that the other figures represent, allegorically, various virtues attributed to them. Beginning at the extreme right of the picture, the first figure may be the spirit of the wood or the North Wind; he seems to be retarding Spring, who is fleeing from the blast issuing from the bulging cheeks. The flowers dropping from the mouth of Spring are falling on Flora's dress where they mingle with a profusion of other blossoms. This figure of Flora has often been designated as "Spring," but that cannot be true, as her flowers are mostly roses and her decorations those of the mature summer time. She is the crowning glory of

FIG. 30. Spring. Botticelli. Academy, Florence.

Fig. 31. The Baptism. Verrocchio. Academy, Florence.

the picture. How dignified and full of healthful strength is her every motion! She must represent some very special attribute of the great ruling family of Florence—possibly the awakening Renaissance. At least she stands for the perfection that comes after the winter's rest and spring's rebirth. The little Cupid above the central figure is the apex of the composition and on either side are the balancing figures. It is possible that Cupid stands for the personal fascination of the charming woman who is really the principal theme of the picture. The three graces at the left represent the individual charms that Nature has given her, and Mercury, to the left of the graces, might well indicate the marvellous prosperity of the Medici princes.

There is less of that peculiar melancholy in this picture than is usual in Botticelli's paintings. In this he has come too close to Nature and her haunts to brood over man's shortcomings. One feels the breath of the woods steal through those straight trunks playing among the branches and fluttering the loose robes and straying tresses of the dancing figures. See how accurately he has shown us the flowers that bloom in the wood and field; we can readily distinguish the convolvulus that clambers over every rock and fence and the daisies that bloom at our feet. Such loving thought for the great out-of-doors brings us very

close to the heart of this Italian artist of the fifteenth century.

Verrocchio's "Baptism" (Fig. 31) is a picture of peculiar interest, for it is the only authentic example of this artist's painting (he was a sculptor) and because his famous pupil, Leonardo da Vinci, worked on it too. The painting is of unusual merit in its anatomical accuracy. The muscles and veins in the emaciated figure of St. John are portrayed with a fidelity to nature that shows a thorough understanding of the human body. There is no beauty in the gaunt figure of the Baptist nor in the heavier one of the Saviour, but one feels a reverent awe before them.

The part of the painting attributed to Leonardo is the angel at the left with his back to us. Both angels are beautiful in their fresh innocence, and it is not at all to the discredit of the older man that his pupil painted one of them. Verrocchio's power as an artist was so great that even the more noted pupil did not detract from his fame. The records say that at the time Leonardo entered his studio Verrocchio was "then the most famous artist in Florence." The strong, masterful composition of the "Baptism" is sufficient proof of this statement. The arrangement of the picture is unusual, although the subject was a common one, and has served as a model for many

FIG. 32. The Assumption. Perugino. Academy, Florence.

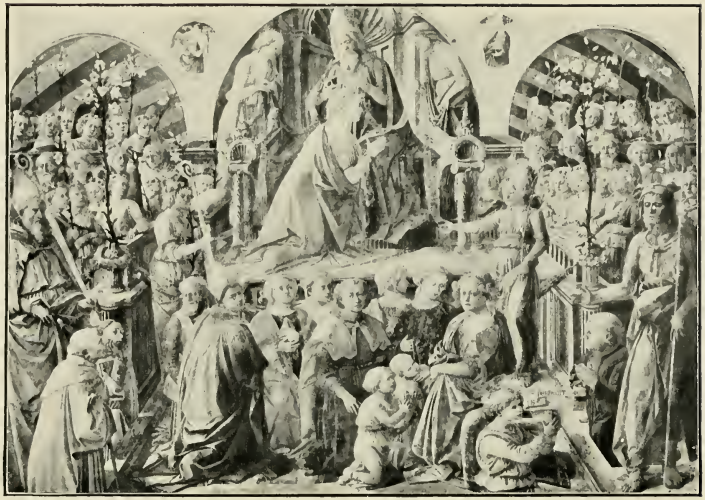

Fig. 33. The Coronation of the Virgin. Fra Filippo Lippi. Academy, Florence.

later artists. Through one of those strange lapses in the whereabouts of masterpieces, this picture, painted for the monks of Vallombrosa, was forgotten in their monastery until 1812.

In the "Assumption of the Virgin" (Fig. 32), Perugino's tendency to "solitariness" in placing his figures is most pronounced. This is especially true of the group of saints at the bottom of the picture. Each figure is so distinct in his pose and attributes that he could be separated from the others with no loss of individual traits or in the interpretation of the composition. If you will turn to Perugino's "Christ Giving the Keys to St. Peter" (Fig. 7), in the Sistine Chapel, you will see how distance in the landscape is intensified by the wide, open verandas, and now in the "Assumption" the same is true in the glimpses of the far-stretching country caught through the spaces between the solitary figures. We dislike the sentimental tilt to the head and the pathetic expression in the soft eyes that became a mannerism with Perugino, yet he was an artist of no mean merit. We are bound to acknowledge, after all is said to his credit, that as the teacher of the great master, Raphael, he will best be known.

As we stop before Fra Filippo Lippi's "Coronation of the Virgin" (Fig. 33), the loveliness of the picture captivates us at once. He has given

exquisite quality to his scheme of colour in the glowing flesh, fluffy golden hair, and delicately tinted draperies. Lippi's peculiar habit of painting all his figures with short necks sets us to wondering if that was the beauty charm of Lucretia Buti, the novice who stole his heart. At least this pronounced physical feature is the very opposite of the long slender necks so characteristic of the Byzantine style. The intense love of a beautiful face led Lippi to choose his models for Madonnas and saints from the lovely young girls of the period. But he never deteriorated into the love of beautiful form alone, for purity and sweetness are the attributes that distinguish his women. Lippi was a monk from circumstances, not from choice; hence the broken vows of the beautiful Lucretia and himself were forgiven by the Pope and their marriage sanctioned. Browning's description of the jolly monk in his poem, "Fra Filippo Lippi," is an amusing and charming life of the artist.

VIII

FLORENCE—CHURCHES AND PALACES

IN Fra Angelico's paintings, the spiritual in art reached its highest development. His Madonnas, saints, and angels are all from the heavenly country with no stains of sin on their garments and no possibility of sinning in their hearts. To see him at his best we must go to San Marco where he dwelt with his brother monks of the Dominican Order, and where he decorated the monastery cells with his brush.

In his own cell is the "Madonna of the Star" (Fig. 34), a painting so full of spiritual fervour that one can well believe it was painted under the direct inspiration of prayer. There is no form under the ample blue robe of the Madonna, and no soft, plump body of babyhood in the divine Child, but the tender caress of the mother and the sweet nestling of the little one speak directly to the heart. Fra Angelico continued to use the gold background, and long, slender figures of the East, but he put into the formless figures the spirit of humanity that came from his own great love of mankind. He did not advance the art of paint-

ing over Giotto, a hundred years before, but he did advance the Christian religion with his art.

Over the entrance door to the hospital for wayfarers in San Marco, is "Christ as a Pilgrim Welcomed by Two Dominican Monks," or "Christ on His Way to Emmaus" (Fig. 35). This picture is a most impressive "Welcome," inviting all into the presence of the Master. The Christ is very human in his attitude of willingness to be entertained by these Preaching Friars; he wears the short rough garment of the pilgrim while his companions have the usual white robes and outer black cloak of the Order. Again, the form of the figures counts for nothing, but the spirit of true sincere piety breathes from every line. This is one of Fra Angelico's finest frescos (the "Madonna of the Star" is painted on wood). As we go from cell to cell in this old monastery of the Dominicans and look at the simple scenes so full of spiritual truths painted on the walls of each, we do not wonder that the artist's companions called him "Angel Brother."

This monastery of San Marco is doubly dear to us, for here Savonarola had his cells, and on the wall of one of them is his portrait attributed to his devoted disciple, Fra Bartolommeo (Fig. 36). That strong, homely face so stamps itself upon our memory that we can never forget it. We are glad to believe that Fra Bar-

FIG. 34. Madonna of the Star. Fra Angelico. San Marco, Florence.

Fig. 35. Christ and Disciples. Fra Angelico. San Marco, Florence.

Fig. 36. Savonarola. Fra Bartolommeo. San Marco, Florence.

tolommeo painted this face, for who else could have portrayed so lovingly the rugged features of the great reformer! No wonder that this man, Savonarola, had the courage of his convictions, and was able to refuse the magnificent Lorenzo absolution, even if he was a Medici.

Now we will go to the Riccardi Palace where the great Lorenzo de' Medici was born. Here is the marvellous Medici Chapel decorated by Benozzo Gozzoli. Wonderful in colour and arrangement is the fresco of the "Journey of the Magi," that covers its walls. Even the "Angel" detail (Fig. 37) gives us a little idea of the gorgeousness of the whole. The title of the fresco is a misnomer, for the real subject is a Florentine pageant in which are represented portraits of members of the leading families of the city. The chapel probably had no window when it was decorated, but the door must have been in place, for the artist has painted one of the horses with the forepart on one side of the door jamb and the hindpart on the other. The angels are beautiful young girls, but they have none of the heavenly sweetness of those of the "Angel Brother." Benozzo shows considerable skill as an animal-painter. His horses are imposing, high-stepping fellows, well fitted to the proud bearing of their riders. Many princes of the Medici family can be singled out of the procession as it winds down

the mountain side. The meeting-point was at the manger, the part that was removed when the window was inserted. The ingenuity and skill with which the artist has varied the company in its onward march towards the goal give us keen pleasure as we follow the various groups.

Another artist of the fifteenth century whose tendency was to make his religious pictures a Florentine portrait gallery, is Ghirlandajo. We will go to Santa Maria Novella to see in the Choir his series of frescos of New Testament scenes. True, these paintings are not all attractive as decorative pictures, according to our ideas to-day, but it is a good plan for us to see what the people of that time liked for decoration. And really, as we look at some of the details—"The Salutation of the Virgin and Elizabeth," for instance,—we are bound to be interested in those stately and dignified women in the foreground and in the city stretching away in the distance. It is said of Ghirlandajo that his sense of portraiture was so pronounced that sitting by the window he would sketch with accuracy some personal feature of the passer-by so that none could mistake the person. This talent was highly appreciated by the Florentines. They wanted their portraits painted, and here was a man ready to satisfy them. Look particularly at the tall, straight dame at the right of the saluting group.

Fig. 37. Group of Angels. Benozzo Gozzoli. Riccardi Palace, Florence.

FIG. 38. Religion and Philosophy. Taddeo Gaddi (?). Santa Maria Novella, Florence.

She is the celebrated beauty, Ginevra de' Benci, one of the Medici and Sassetti families. Her rich gold-brocaded dress impresses us a little as hanging from "clothes-pegs," as Ruskin says, nevertheless we feel that a peculiar and intimate personality clings to her.

In the Spanish Chapel of this same church is the famous fresco of "Religion and Philosophy" (Fig. 38). In the upper part of the painting sits St. Thomas Aquinas with the angel virtues circling around him. At his right and left are the prophets and saints, while the overthrown heretics are fallen prostrate at his feet. Below in the niches, Philosophy is personified by fourteen women—seven stand for sacred and seven for the natural sciences. At the feet of each woman is the representative of her special science: thus, Astronomy has Zoroaster; Geometry, Euclid; Logic, Aristotle; and Music, Tubal-Cain. In the latter the figure of Music is particularly fine. This fresco is attributed to Taddeo Gaddi, yet he may have only designed it, and left the execution to Simone Memmi and others. We are convinced that whoever planned the theme was thoroughly conversant with church doctrines and the scientific development of the time.

Very often there are isolated pictures that it is not wise to overlook even if the time is limited. One of these is Andrea del Sarto's "Last Supper," in the

refectory, or dining-room, of the old monastery of San Salvi (Fig. 39). Lanzi says of the soldiers who besieged Florence in 1529, that "after demolishing the belfry, the church, and part of the monastery (of San Salvi), they were astonished on beholding this 'Last Supper,' and had no resolution to destroy it"; others believe that Michael Angelo saved the fresco when he had charge of the fortification of the city.

In this fresco Andrea has just missed the highest conception of the "Last Supper," but he can be forgiven as it is Leonardo da Vinci who alone excels him. As we enter the long room where the fresco is painted, the scene at the other end is almost startling in its realism. Nothing could be finer than the grouping of the figures, the arrangement of the draperies, the disposal of lights and shadows, and the soft, beautiful colours. It is when we look for the intense religious feeling that characterises each disciple in Leonardo's "Last Supper" (Fig. 53), that we recognise the weakness of "Andrea the Faultless." There are dignity and decorum in the men gathered around that table, but depth of conviction is lacking.

It would scarcely be wise to visit Florence and not see "Dante's Portrait," in the National Museum of the Bargello (Fig. 40). The fresco in which it is found was painted by Giotto at the opening of the fourteenth century. Shortly afterward

Fig. 39. Last Supper. Andrea del Sarto. San Salvi, Florence.

FIG. 40. Dante. Giotto. Bargello, Florence.

the chapel was changed into a two-story building by a dividing floor and ceiling. The whole was whitewashed and the upper part used as a prison. For centuries the frescos were hidden, but in 1840, through the efforts of an English artist and one of our own countrymen, the chapel was reclaimed and the frescos again brought to light. The portrait of Dante in the "Paradise," on the south wall, may have been made from life as the poet and artist were warm friends; at any rate it corresponds to the mask that has been recognised by artists for ages as Dante's. Do not fail to ask the custodian of the Museum for "Dante's Portrait," or you may miss it in the multitude of treasures in the Bargello.

IX

VENICE—ACADEMY

THE first picture that arrests the attention upon entering the Academy, Venice, is Titian's "Assumption of the Virgin" (Fig. 41), one of the six great pictures of the world. The sensation produced on one by this marvel of simplicity and skill is indescribable. A master of unquestioned power has brought forth that glorious colour, harmony of composition, rapture of sentiment, and withal restraint in handling. At first the feeling of awe inspired by the picture taken as a whole overpowers the appreciation of its detailed parts. The eye simply follows unconsciously the centralising tendency that culminates in the Virgin. There seems to be no means used in leading the mind to contemplate the central thought. But if we study the uplifted faces and hands of the apostles, the clouds and angels circling toward the Virgin, and the downward gaze of the Father, as He waits in the sky to receive the Heavenly Queen, some of the artist's secrets are revealed. Not a line is omitted in welding each detail into a perfect whole. Look

FIG. 41. The Assumption. Titian. Academy, Venice.

Fig. 42. Presentation in the Temple. Titian. Academy, Venice.

Fig. 43. Supper in the House of Simon the Pharisee. Veronese. Academy, Venice.

at the strength and intense feeling of those astonished apostles. The figures are so individual that a character-study could be made of each man; yet they are subordinate to the main theme and detract nothing from it. How sweetly human are the baby cherubs! One could smother them with kisses save for the fact that their office as heavenly attendants claims them. The foreshortening of this multitude of children is the more marvellous because the pose of each figure is so natural and childlike.

Possibly it is well to go hence directly to Titian's "Presentation in the Temple" (Fig. 42), even though it is several rooms away. Titian has never surpassed this picture in thought and feeling, brush work, technical skill, and colour secret. The subject deals with sacred persons but it is not a religious picture. He represents the presentation of the little Virgin as described in "Mary," a book of the Apocrypha. The story says that when the Virgin Mary was three years old her parents, Joachim and Anna, brought her to the temple of the Lord with offerings. "The temple being built in a mountain, the altar of burnt-offering, which was without, could not be come near but by stairs (fifteen in number). The parents of the blessed Virgin and infant Mary put her upon one of these stairs;—the Virgin of the Lord in such a manner went up all the stairs

one after another, without the help of any to lead or lift her that any one would have judged from hence that she was of perfect age."

The picture, painted in fresco, is on a wall parallel to a flight of entrance steps, thereby giving us the impression that we have come from the temple where the little Virgin is going. The scene is entirely Venetian in people and architecture, yet there is perfect harmony between setting and subject. The hill country in the distance is probably an idealised bit of Cadore landscape near the artist's native place. The old woman sitting by the steps with her basket of eggs, and the child and dog in the middle foreground also serve to give a natural and human touch to the scene.

Another picture with Venetian setting is Veronese's "Supper in the House of Simon the Pharisee" (Fig. 43). The painting was made for the refectory of a Dominican monastery, Venice, where it filled one end of the long dining-room and seemed to be a continuation of the real tables of the monks. What a princely banqueting-chamber such over-hanging arches, marble balustrades, and faultless perspective would make of the plainest eating-hall! Veronese painted several of these biblical banquets where the scene formed an integrant of the whole room. This picture glows with colour and light and is full of human interest, but there is little of the spiritual

element; in fact, Veronese was so fond of adding animals and grotesque accessories that the Inquisition considered him sacrilegious and ordered him to erase them. The artist defended himself by saying they were used simply as spots of colour and he left in a sufficient number to show his tendency in that direction.

We would not appreciate the full glory of Venetian art were we to omit Giovanni Bellini, yet his "Madonna and Child with two Saints" (Fig. 44) has not the grandeur of composition of the later school. It was in Giovanni, however, that the young Titian, his pupil, found a sympathiser in his love for colour. Bellini originated a type of Madonna so individual that once seen there is no mistaking who painted her. Although rather conventional she is human and her divine Child is a real baby. Her sad face is not morbid, but is rather the expression of one who accepts sorrow without complaint. She has a certain beauty of girlhood, softened and deepened as by an inner consciousness of coming trials.

In the painting of "Christ and the Adulteress" (Fig. 45), we have one of Tintoretto's best works. So prodigal of his art was this artist that it is said of his pictures, "They are fairly rotting on the walls of Venice to-day." He was ready to paint classic myth and sacred story and in each he put the people of Venice as he saw them. The

"Adulteress" is a typical voluptuous woman of the sixteenth century, yet by placing her in a biblical setting with Christ as her judge, he has softened the purely physical beauty of form and given her a subtle charm impossible to resist. The artist has skilfully avoided a sense of crowding by giving a touch of vulgar curiosity to the people gathering to see an offender brought to "justice." That Tintoretto knew humanity is plainly shown in the eager faces of the accusers. The colours are warm and rich, and the contrast of lights and shadows on the faces and garments is wonderful.

Let us look at Moretto's interpretation of the "Supper in the House of Simon" (Fig. 46), as compared with Veronese's. Moretto came from Venetian territory but he probably never went to Venice. Yet his keen sense of proportion and perspective, and his sensitive insight into character, gave him an equal standing with those great masters of the Queen City.

In this picture he has chosen the simple story of Christ and the woman as told in St. Luke 7 : 36. Simon has been complaining within himself, "This man, if he were a prophet, would have known who and what manner of woman this is that toucheth him: for she is a sinner." The moment caught in the picture seems to be the instant when Jesus has finished the story of the two debtors and has

Fig. 44. The Madonna and Child. Bellini. Academy, Venice.

Fig. 45. The Adulteress. Tintoretto. Academy, Florence.

Fig. 46. Supper in the House of Simon. Moretto. Academy, Venice.

Fig. 47. St. Ursula and her Father. Carpaccio. Academy, Venice.

pointed to the woman, saying, "Simon, seeth thou this woman?" Moretto's manner of telling the story is dignified and masterly. Nothing is lacking in the technic of the composition; the balance in arrangement is excellent, the contrast in light and shade good, and the colour rich and harmonious, with that "silvery" quality so peculiarly his. Then, too, his delineation of the emotions of the various actors in the drama is marvellously true to life. There is Simon stern and unyielding, the servant curious and interested, the woman grief-stricken and unworthy, while the Saviour, mindful of the needs of each heart, is benignly sympathetic in his appeal and desire to pardon.

The series of pictures by Carpaccio tells the story of St. Ursula. Carpaccio loved to tell a story and he could do it well. Legend says that St. Ursula was a Breton maiden of royal Christian parents—beautiful, wise, and very devout. When she was sought in marriage by the young prince of England, she asked of him three things. First, she must have ten noble maidens as her companions and each one must have a thousand virgin attendants; second, she must have three years to visit holy shrines; third, the prince and his followers must be baptised. The requests were granted, so the story runs, but sad to relate, St. Ursula and her eleven thousand maidens were

massacred at Cologne, and to-day in that city their bones are preserved in a chapel of the church of St. Ursula. This is the quaintest and most improbable of the early church stories, but it is fascinating in its very naïveté. Two artists of about the same period have interpreted the story for us: Hans Memlinc, in Belgium, and Carpaccio, in Venice. The illustration (Fig. 47) shows St. Ursula relating her dream to her father and urging him to let her carry out her pilgrimage. This picture gives us a glimpse of the costumes and home decorations of the artist's time. St. Ursula is the patron saint of young girls and of all women who educate and care for girls.

If we were taking up the Venetian artists in the Academy chronologically, we would begin with the Bellinis, then Carpaccio, and on to Titian. Veronese and Tintoretto came a little later and as friends were often together.

X

VENICE—CHURCHES AND PALACES

IN the Artillerist's Chapel of the church of Santa Maria Formosa, Venice, is Palma Vecchio's masterpiece, "St. Barbara" (Fig. 48). St. Barbara is the patroness of soldiers, and in this picture Palma has given her all the courage and patriotism that stand for a true warrior. As a maiden of noble birth the artist knew just how to enhance her inheritance with garments suitable in colour and material. The soft brown underdress falling to her shapely feet is deepened in tone by the rich red robe thrown lightly over arms and knee. The glistening crown on the auburn hair denotes her exalted position, and the white scarf knotted in her hair and gleaming on the warm flesh of neck and shoulders marks her as a conqueror through faith.

St. Barbara, born A.D. 303, was the daughter of an Eastern nobleman. She was so beautiful, and so dear to her fond father that he shut her up in a tower where she spent her time studying the stars and heavenly bodies. At length she became convinced that the worship of idols was wrong.

When, in the course of time, she heard of the Saviour, she became converted, and to acknowledge her faith ordered the attendant workmen to make three windows in her tower. When her father came for his accustomed visit she replied to his question concerning the windows: "Know, my father, that through three windows doth the soul receive light—the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost; and the three are one." The angry father condemned her to death and finally beheaded her himself. While legend has filled gaps in this story the main part is history. St. Barbara is always represented with a tower as one of her attributes.

The walls of the Doges' Palace form a vast picture gallery of fresco paintings, but the real gems are in the Anticollegio, or waiting-room, where are four paintings by Tintoretto. Although this artist has covered hundreds, yes thousands, of square feet in this palace, yet none of the pictures hold us as these in the waiting-room, He has here entered so completely into the spirit of the classic myths that he compels us to follow him into that immortal world. As we look at "Minerva Driving Away Mars" (Fig. 49), we actually feel the push of the dainty hand against the intruding god. Certainly the god of war has no right in this sacred grove, even though he be in love with Venus. Never before had human

Fig. 48. St. Barbara. Palma Vecchio. Church of Santa Maria Formosa, Venice.

Fig. 49. Minerva. Tintoretto. Doge's Palace, Venice.

FIG. 50. The Miracle of St. Mark. Tintoretto. Old Library, Venice.

flesh been transferred to canvas while still glowing with warmth and palpitating with life as in these pictures. We fairly draw long breaths of delight, unmindful that it is art and not life that has charmed us. In the "Marriage of Bacchus and Ariadne," Tintoretto has reached the climax—the picture is beautiful in the superlative degree. Ariadne has been left desolate on the Island of Naxos, where Theseus, who abducted her, has abandoned her. Bacchus sees and loves her, and comes up from the sea offering her the marriage ring. Venus descends from the blue sky and crowns her with a circlet of stars. One must really see this quartet of glory to understand the possibilities of the painter's art.

While under the influence of Tintoretto let us cross the Piazzetta to the Old Library and look at two of his large frescos. The one that represents the "Miracle of St. Mark" (Fig. 50) is often called the "Miracle of Tintoretto," so audacious its conception. The colour is a riot of rainbow tints with a golden-yellow atmosphere filling the middle "as if a topaz had burst there." The legend explaining the scene says that a certain Christian slave serving a pagan nobleman disobeyed his master by continuing to worship at the shrine of St. Mark. Having been condemned to torture and death in the public square, the multitude were dumbfounded to see St. Mark

himself coming from the heavens to the slave's assistance. The bonds broke asunder and the instruments of torture dropped to pieces. The exquisite delineation of facial expression in the astonished crowd of people is alone sufficient to raise the painting to its exalted place among masterpieces. Another one of these frescos of equal merit—they were all painted by Tintoretto for the Scuola di San Marco, Venice—is in the Brera, Milan.

We again see this great master in profusion in the church of Madonna dell' Orto, where he is buried, but the principal picture for us to see here is Cima's "St. John the Baptist and Four Saints" (Fig. 51). Cima, a direct follower of Bellini, shows in this picture the early and effective use of high arches to frame and separate the distant landscape from the figures in the front. He has not reached the artistic excellence of Veronese in this direction, as shown in the latter's "Feast of Simon" (Fig. 43), yet his perspective is good and his originality of arrangement decidedly in advance of his contemporaries. The detail work on the capitals and the drawing of the old tree with its scraggly branches are both natural and artistic. The four saints with the Baptist are SS. Peter and Mark on the left and SS. Paul and Jerome on the right.

One of the largest and most beautiful churches

FIG. 51. St. John the Baptist and Other Saints. Cima. Madonna dell' Orto, Venice.

FIG. 52. Madonna of the Pesaro Family. Titian. Church of Santa Maria dei Frari, Venice

in Venice—the Frari—has Titian's wonderful masterpiece, "The Madonna of the Pesaro Family" (Fig. 52). This picture raised the artist to the position of dictator in the art world. In it he perfected the combination of grand architecture with the simple devotional spirit of a grateful family. The secret of this achievement is simplicity. Those marvellous columns soaring into the very clouds are as severe in structure as snow-clad mountains seen from a distant plain. The throne of the Virgin at the entrance to the spacious temple is without a single ornament save the neutral-tinted rug hanging from it in straight lines to the steps below. The colour of the garments is mostly a harmony of reds carried from side to side with consummate skill. The rich blue of the underdresses of the Virgin and St. Peter serve as a connecting link with the tender blue of the Venetian sky, seen through the soaring pillars. The composition is unique in arrangement, yet the unusual position of the Virgin and Child is so perfectly balanced by the standard of the church that one scarcely notes the reason for the change. Since this is a presentation picture in which Jacopo Pesaro, Bishop of Paphos, is offering thanksgiving for victory, it is only natural that other members of the Pesaro family should be present. At the foot of the throne kneels Jacopo with clasped hands raised to the

Virgin who bends gently toward him, between them is St. Peter who has turned from his reading to look at the kneeling bishop. At the left of the picture kneel Benedetto Pesaro and his family. The childlike glee of the infant Christ, as he pulls at the white veil of his Virgin Mother and kicks happily at St. Francis, is very human and natural. The two cherubs bearing the cross on the floating cloud above seem to have drifted into the portico of the temple to linger only for a moment.

XI

MILAN—CHURCHES AND BRERA GALLERY

PROBABLY no picture in all the world is so well known as Leonardo da Vinci's "Last Supper" (Fig. 53). It is painted on the end wall of the refectory of the old Dominican monastery of Santa Maria delle Grazia, Milan. Ruined as the picture stands to-day, it is still the most stupendous monument of that Blessed Scene ever conceived by the mind of man. When Professor Cavenaghi carefully restored the fresco in 1908, he brought to light several important facts. First, Leonardo did not use oil paints on plaster, as has been supposed, but water colours, probably experimenting with this medium, for deterioration began shortly after the picture was finished. Second, the early restorers have left untouched the heads and hands of the figures, excepting the head of the apostle Philip—the third to the Saviour's left, so, though dim and marred, they are the master's own work. Third, the work done by the early restorers was excellent.

As we study the grand personality of the apostles

I shall quote what has already been written in my book, "Pictures and their Painters." Possibly Christ has just uttered the words: "One of you shall betray me." Beginning on the left of the fresco, Bartholomew has just risen from the table in consternation; next to him James (the less), with his hand on Peter's arm, is mildly inquiring; Andrew with uplifted hands exhibits astonishment; then Peter, eagerly leaning toward St. John, with his hand on his shoulder, expresses suppressed excitement; in front of Peter, leaning on the table with the bag clutched in one hand and the other stretched out toward the Master, is the traitor Judas, his whole manner full of opposition; John with downcast eyes and folded hands waits with perfect confidence; on the right of the Saviour, James (the greater) with arms outstretched shows distress and dismay; back of James is Thomas with uplifted finger ready for aggressive action; Philip, rising with his hand on his heart, looks worried and troubled; next to him is the elegant Matthew, his arms pointing toward the Saviour, while he turns to the other disciples with a look of questioning wonder; Thaddeus with one hand uplifted has a face full of horror; and Simon spreads his hands out with stern disapproval.

The photographs of the "Last Supper" best known to us are taken from an engraving made

FIG. 53. The Last Supper. Leonardo da Vinci. Santa Maria delle Grazie, Milan.

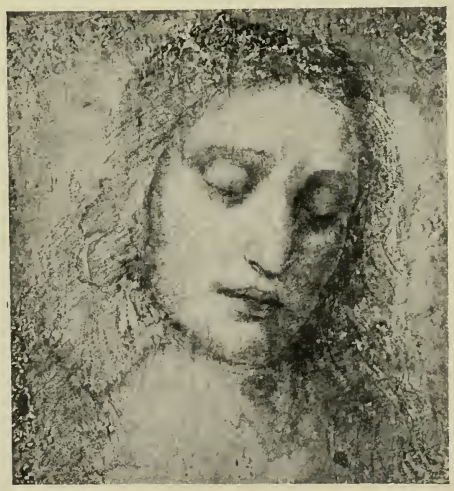

FIG. 54. Head of Christ. Leonardo da Vinci.
Brera Gallery, Milan.

Fig. 55. Marriage of the Virgin. Raphael. Brera Gallery, Milan.

by Raphael Morghen, an Italian, during the last of the eighteenth century before the awful havoc made on the fresco by the French soldiers at the time Napoleon invaded Italy.

Leonardo was the first artist to place all the apostles on one side of the table, the previous custom being to put Judas opposite the others; and no one ever before made such a character-study of the apostles. So careful was Leonardo that only after the closest study of the individual men did he conceive and portray in head and hands the personality of each apostle. The story is told that after two years' work on the fresco there were still two heads to paint—Christ and Judas. Month after month passed and the picture was not finished, and the monks were becoming impatient. The prior, greatly vexed, protested again and again, and finally the annoyed artist calmly said to him, "If you will sit for the head of Judas, I'll be able to finish the picture at once."

Dr. Muther says: "As a pictorial achievement —in the manner in which the figures softly dissolved in space and the light streamed through the window into the half-darkened hall—the 'Last Supper' must have been a revelation, although at the present time this can no longer be seen, but only felt."

Leonardo's "Head of Christ" (Fig. 54), in the Brera Gallery, was the model for the Master in

the supper group. It was only after weeks of thought that he sketched this marvellous head, and even then the eyes so baffled him that he dropped the lids, adding an almost superhuman glory to the beautiful face. There is plainly little doubt but what Leonardo painted the head of Christ in the large fresco very hastily. It certainly lacks the tenderness and pathos of the precious model sketch. The latter, with Raphael's Christ in the "Transfiguration" (Fig. 11), and Michael Angelo's Christ in the "Last Judgment" (Fig. 5), are considered the great portraits of the Saviour, but of the three, Leonardo's Christ comes the nearest to our hearts. Here is the human Jesus who ate and talked and worked with his disciples.

Raphael's "Marriage of the Virgin" (Fig. 55), in the Brera, is particularly interesting as one of the first examples of his work. He was still in his teens and doubtless as yet a pupil in Perugino's studio. The picture shows the influence of the master especially in the tilt of the heads and the rather insipid sweetness of the faces. We also recognise the similarity of arrangement to Perugino's "Giving Keys to St. Peter" (Fig. 7), in the Sistine Chapel, but how different the continuity and balance of the composition. Here is no visible effort at space-filling or placing of the figures. The crowd in the foreground is a natural gathering of wedding-guests to witness the be-

trothal of loved ones. Raphael indicates very simply the old legend of the trial of the suitors by means of the budded rod held by Joseph and the impatient breaking of the wand by the disappointed lover.

The spaciousness of the middle distance throws the classic temple in bold relief against the blue sky, adding greatly to the largeness and depth of the scene. The pyramidal placing of figures and objects seems to have been instinctive with Raphael, for from the beginning it characterised the pictorial balance of his works.

In the fresco of "Finding the Body of St. Mark," now in the Brera Gallery, Tintoretto has portrayed another of the numerous legends from the life and death of the saint. This is a companion picture to those in the Old Library at Venice. For twelve years, it is said, St. Mark preached in Egypt and finally founded a church in Alexandria. But the heathen, believing him a magician because of his miracle-working powers, bound him at the feast of their god Serapis and dragged him through the streets of the city until he died, and immediately the murderers were destroyed by lightning. The mangled body of the saint was buried by devout Christians of Alexandria, and for eight centuries his tomb was held sacred. In A.D. 815 some Venetian merchants stole the body away and carried it to Venice

where the cathedral of St. Mark's was built for his tomb.

Tintoretto's conception of the scene of finding the body of the saint is original and his interpretation of the event singular. The picture is keyed in a low tone; the upper part is a cool blue-grey, and the lower part soft, rich golden-brown. The long barrel-vaulted corridor seems to be a mausoleum with a series of sarcophagi, raised about eight feet from the ground, extending along the right side. The figure at the left, dressed in a blue underdress and a rather bright red cloak, is St. Mark himself with a halo around his head. His presence makes possible the identification of the body, but no surprise is evinced at his presence there in person. At the right, opposite the saint, is a demoniac clinging to a woman. The evil spirit is fleeing from his mouth in the form of smoke. The man who is holding the demented one may possibly have been one of the dead bodies restored to life by St. Mark. The body on the floor may be intended to replace that of the saint which the men are lowering from above—at least, the startled look of the woman and the gesture of the standing saint lead one to think so. We do not know just what legend Tintoretto had in mind in this strange composition, but we do know that he has made a wonderful picture of the scene.

XII

MUNICH—GALLERIES

IN the Old Pinakothek, Munich, are Murillo's masterpieces, a series of "Beggar Boys." The picture representing the "Melon Eaters" (Fig. 56) is one of the most famous of those genre scenes. He has here portrayed the happy-go-lucky little vagrants that swarm in every city the world over, with such an intimate understanding of their haunts and habits that no one can fail to recognise them. Picturesque and charming they certainly are, although perfectly irresponsible and unmanageable. What a delight such pictures are to the boy in the home! Murillo thoroughly comprehended the bohemian spirit that lurks in the heart of every boy. And why shouldn't he? As a young artist he was so poor that to eke out a bare existence he painted rough colour sketches as he stood in the market places. Where could he have learned the ways of the street Arab more accurately than among the stalls of the vendors of foodstuffs? He has held up the mirror to Nature just as he found her, and has given vivid pictures of her children with no

exaggeration or pettiness. If Murillo had only devoted his talents to picturing the every-day street life of the Spaniard he would have equalled Velasquez, his countryman, in portraiture, and would have immortalized the "people" as the older artist did the "court." These four pictures revealing child-life in the market place have never been surpassed as character-studies of what in New York would be called the "East-side" child population.

It is interesting to turn next to the "Portrait of Velasquez" (Fig. 57), by himself, because he was not only Murillo's teacher, but he, too, was born at Seville, though twenty years earlier. After Murillo had scraped together enough to undertake the journey, he walked over the mountains from his native town to Madrid and entered Velasquez's studio as a pupil. Although he had planned to go on to Italy later, he was so pleased with what Velasquez taught him that he went no further to develop his talents. He also had access to the art collection in Madrid that his countryman had gathered in Italy at the command of Philip IV.

As we look into this powerful face of Velasquez we are not surprised that the younger artist felt the strong personality and wonderful gifts of the great master. The pity is that the lessons learned did not take deeper root and prove of more lasting

Fig. 56. The Melon Eaters. Murillo. Old Pinakothek, Munich.

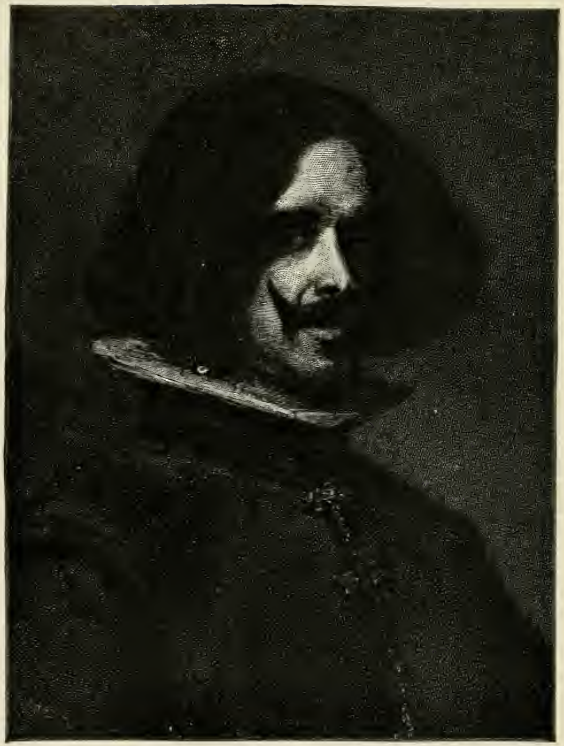

Fig. 57 Portrait of Velasquez. Velasquez. Old Pinakothek, Munich,

benefit. Velasquez was a law unto himself in his art, and no command by the church or threat of the fickle King Philip could intimidate him. Every feature of that speaking face stamps him as a leader of men, and a leader, too, who could speak the truth.

It is in this gallery that we find Dürer's last and possibly greatest work, two panel pictures representing four of the apostles—"St. Peter and St. John," "St. Paul and St. Mark" (Fig. 58). He painted the panels for his native city, Nuremberg. We have his own words as to their merit in the presentation note to the city council: "I have just painted panels upon which I have bestowed more trouble than on any other painting; I consider none more worthy to keep them as a reminiscence than your Wisdom. Therefore I present them to your Wisdom with the humble and urgent prayer that you will favourably and graciously receive them." It is always satisfactory to have an artist's opinion of his own work, especially of masters whose works have become masterpieces.

Dürer has shown a breadth of treatment in these panels which has refuted forever the charge that he could paint only with a "one-hair" brush. Notice particularly the ample folds of St. Paul's white robe. It is plain even to severity, yet how well it accords with the noble figure of the great

apostle. In colour, in drawing, and in composition Dürer has here reached the zenith of the art of painting. For a hundred years Nuremberg prized this present from her gifted son, and then to her shame sold the precious treasures to Bavaria and replaced them with copies.

Few tourists going from Munich to Dresden fail to stop at the quaint old town of Nuremberg to see the still quainter old house where Dürer was born. Here also is a priceless collection of the artist's engravings and woodcuts—he made no less than forty-eight of the former and over one hundred of the latter. If we accept Dürer's own statement, made after he had finished one of his most famous paintings, that "henceforth he should stick to his engraving, else he would become a beggar," we realise what that copperplate work meant to him. It is true that, wonderful though many of his paintings are, yet a dozen artists surpassed him; but where in all the realm of art is there a man whose workmanship could equal his copperplates of "Melancholia," "St. Jerome in His Study," and "The Horseman" (Frontispiece)? As an engraver Dürer stood on the heights alone.

Just what the artist meant by "The Knight, Death and the Devil," we probably never shall know, but his own simple title of the plate, "The Horseman," points to the knight's journey as that

FIG. 58. St. Paul and St. Mark. Dürer. Old Pinakothek, Munich.

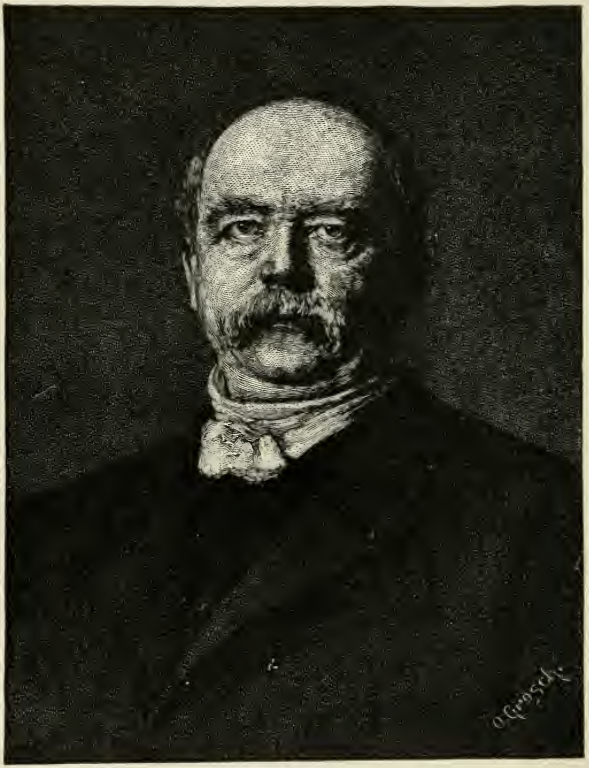

FIG. 59. Portrait of Bismarck. Lenbach. Lenbach's House, Munich.

of "Everyman" passing through this world. As he pushes on unmindful or disdainful of his companions—Death and the Devil—he may typify the Christian who has put the Devil behind him and who knows that in the end "Death is swallowed up in victory." The attitude of this Christian warrior is of one having on the whole armour of God riding forth to fight the good fight.

There is a large collection of Rubens' paintings in the Old Pinakothek. Possibly the most noted is "The Battle of the Amazons at the Bridge of Thermodon." This battle-piece stands as a parallel in excellence to the "Battle of Constantine," designed by Raphael for his Stanza in the Vatican. In one particular it has an advantage over the work of the Italian artist, for here Rubens has the contrast of men and women warriors. The execution of the painting is in the artist's most careful manner, and the colour has a certain restraint pleasing to the eye. The concentration of interest in the middle foreground, where the fighting is on the bridge and in the water, is a masterly conception. To handle so congested a point as the meeting of hostile forces on a narrow bridge required the greatest technical skill. Activity of men, women, and horses was never expressed more marvellously than in this writhing, seething mass of life. Surely the Amazon women under Rubens' brush have become not only

living realities but most formidable rivals in battle. The Greek story says that the Amazons were women of Africa of warlike character whose name signifies "without breasts," for in early girlhood the right breast was singed off that they might better draw the bow.

No one must think of leaving Munich without going to Lenbach's studio, not only to see the workshop where the "Portrait of Bismarck" (Fig. 59) was painted, but to view the famous painting itself. If Lenbach had executed no other portrait than this one of the Iron Chancellor his name would have been established as an artist. His "Bismarck," like Stuart's "Washington," will stand to posterity as the true likeness of the great chief. So clear was Lenbach's insight of the hidden workings of the mind that he has given us the very character of this "Man of Blood and Iron." Every line depicting the square shoulders, massive head, firm jaw, and flashing eyes tells of the diplomat who ruled Germany and shook the world. True portraits keep alive the personality of strong characters and, like written words, exert as powerful an influence upon thoughtful observers as on thoughtful readers.

XIII

DRESDEN—ROYAL GALLERY

IN a special cabinet of the Royal Gallery, Dresden, is Raphael's last and greatest picture, the Holy Mother and Divine Child—"The Sistine Madonna" (Fig. 60). The inscription, by Vasari, on the lower part of the support reads: "For the Black Monks of San Sisto in Piacenza, Raphael painted a picture for the high altar, showing our Lady with St. Sixtus and St. Barbara—truly a work most excellent and rare." Volumes have been written describing the spiritual element in this picture, yet after all has been said, nothing but seeing it conveys to the mind and heart the wonderful influence it exerts. As we sit in the silent room and allow the sublimity of the picture to possess our very souls, we are conscious that the great master painter was inspired of God when he portrayed that Mother and Child. No analysis of the means used to create this masterpiece can explain why it so affects the heart. We may point out that the width between the eyes gives spiritual insight, and descent from the clouds, divine mystery, but we are only trying to

reason out what can not be understood except through the spirit of worship. This reverence, moreover, is not for the picture before us, but for the divinity that made possible the coming of the Holy Child. The Virgin represents spiritual motherhood and, unlike the Madonna of the Chair whose left arm clasps the human Baby to her heart, she holds her Child in wondering innocence, awed that she—blessed of women—was the mother of the Redeemer. Were it not for the angel-faces peeping at us from below that heavenly vision, those searching eyes of Mother and Child, which seem to look into the inmost soul, would be almost overpowering. The universal appeal of this picture is one of the strongest proofs of its greatness. No one enters that little cabinet without feeling the influence of its presence. Professor and illiterate, sage and rustic, cynic and believer, all bow in reverence before this masterpiece, seeming to realise intuitively that the painter thereof was divinely inspired by the Great Master.

Coming from the room of the "Sistine Madonna," we stop next before Correggio's "Holy Night" (Fig. 61), a picture in which he has shown the greatest originality in the handling of light and shade. Here we have a vivid reproduction of the scene of the Saviour's birth as described in the Apocryphal Gospel, "The Protelvangeion":

Fig. 60. The Sistine Madonna. Raphael. Royal Gallery, Dresden.

Fig. 61. The Holy Night. Correggio. Royal Gallery, Dresden.

"But on a sudden the cloud became a great light in the cave, so that their eyes could not bear it. But the light gradually decreased until the Infant appeared." There is little of the spiritual element in the picture, but it overflows with the pure love of living. The Mother leaning over the human Baby is full of tender love; the face of the comely peasant maiden beams with joy; the shepherd and the lad have come to worship with gladness in their hearts; and the angels are singing glad tidings. The effulgence streaming from the Child illuminates and purifies every object it touches. All nature rejoices; the dog with lifted head is an interested witness of the scene; the lowly flowers spread out their leaves as they blossom profusely; the morning light just appearing above the hilltops comes as though to add its homage to the New-born King.

Correggio was not a deep thinker, but he charms us with his love of light. Look at his "Madonna and St. Francis," in the same room, painted for the monks of the Franciscan Order of the town of Correggio when he was only twenty. The artist's affection for pure beauty for beauty's sake was never more striking than in this exquisite gem. Perhaps the tender glance of the Virgin toward the young and handsome St. Francis, who has so recently become a monk, savours of coquetry, as some have thought, but the devoted

submission of the saint and the timid blessing of the Holy Mother are certainly charming and human. The picture itself has a curious history. Correggio painted it in five months during 1515. It was placed in the monastery and kept in its original position for over a hundred years, then in March, 1638, a French painter, Jean Boulanger, who was in the service of the Duke of Modena, came to Correggio to copy the famous Madonna. He worked on a scaffold behind the high altar, made a hasty copy of the picture, and departed. In a few days it was discovered that he had carried off the original and left his copy in its place. Although every effort was made to reclaim the painting it could not be obtained. The original was later sold to the Elector of Saxony, and in 1746 was taken to Dresden.

The Royal Gallery is a good place to study the development of Correggio's art career from the "Madonna of St. Francis" period when he was twenty, through the "Madonna St. Roch and St. Sebastian," to the "Holy Night," painted just before his death at forty. In the Louvre, Paris, we will see another of his most joyous religious pictures, "The Marriage of St. Catherine" (Fig. 93).

Titian's "Tribute Money" (Fig. 62) is unique in that it shows the wonderful versatility of the master. Taunted on his lack of "finish" by some

Fig. 62. The Tribute Money. Titian. Royal Gallery, Dresden.

Fig. 63. The Meyer Madonna. Holbein. Royal Gallery, Dresden.

Germans who visited his studio, he replied that finish was not the end and aim of art. To prove conclusively, however, that he could count each hair and show the threads in the weave, he painted this picture. For four centuries the "Tribute Money" has stood as an example of finish and broad handling, a composition both detailed and free. Titian could scarcely have chosen two men of wider difference than the Saviour and the Pharisee. The contrast in the two hands alone is a sufficient characterisation; one the vulgar, grasping hand thrust eagerly forward to prove his point, and the other the firm, impelling, yet gentle and reasoning hand emphasising the question "Whose is this image and superscription?" With what calm power Christ has compelled the confident tax-gatherer to testify against himself as he answers "Cæsar's." On the one face is divine strength of purpose; on the other, greedy avarice seeking to ensnare. The ensemble of the composition shows a wide understanding of technical breadth, yet the hairs of the head and beard are so differentiated that a breath would lift them from brow and neck.

For fifty years, from 1822 to 1871, the authorities of Dresden and Darmstadt both claimed the original of Holbein's "Meyer Madonna" (Fig. 63). In the latter year, at an exhibition of Holbein's paintings in Dresden, the two pictures were placed

side by side and the controversy was settled in favor of the Darmstadt painting as the original. The Dresden picture was pronounced "a free copy by some unknown artist." Holbein painted the original in 1526, before he was thirty years old, for Burgomaster Jacob Meyer of Basle. This masterpiece is so full of religious fervour that it alone has placed Holbein beside the great Italian painters of the church. Jean Rousseau says, "Raphael is the immortal painter of Madonnas; Holbein painted but one, but that one is worthy to be compared to the Sistine Madonna." There is a dignity and sincerity about the grateful family as they kneel before the Blessed Mother that appeals directly to the heart. Even placing the deceased first wife in grave-clothes by the side of the living one, quaint and gruesome as it is, does not mar the true spirit of thankfulness that breathes from every member of the kneeling family. Opinions differ as to the meaning of the story, but the natural interpretation of such a thank-offering picture would be that the little Christ Child has taken the sickness from the human child in answer to the pleadings of the Burgomaster's household. Yet Ruskin believed that the Virgin came in answer to their prayers and changed the baby Jesus for the sick child. As the baby in the arms of the Holy Mother shows no signs of illness except in the expression of distress on the face, it may be

that Holbein intended thus to show the humanity of the Saviour. Although he is divine, yet in taking our diseases he feels our ills in mental anguish. The homely common sense of such an idea would appeal to the sturdy, practical Teuton artist.

The original of a picture familiar to the whole civilised world, not as a picture but as an advertisement, is in the Royal Gallery. It is Liotard's "Chocolate Girl." The name alone brings the picture vividly before our minds. The artist, who was born in Geneva in 1702, was a great traveller and one time when in Vienna he painted this maid—Mlle. Baldauf—as he saw her serving chocolate. Count Dietrichstein was so charmed with the portrait that he fell in love with the original and married her. The picture is a pastel in delicate half-tints and in perfect relief. The owner of the portrait in describing the picture says in the last sentence: "As to the finish of the work, to sum it up in a word, it is a Holbein in pastel!" Liotard has certainly given us a dainty bit of real life from Austria's capital.

No city in Europe shows the works of Veronese to better advantage than Dresden. We see, in his "Adoration of the Magi" (Fig. 64), how his excessive love of elegant stuffs has been humoured to the fullest extent, for no artist has ever equalled his treatment of textiles. The brocaded

satins and embossed velvet robes are so heavy with gold and silver embroideries that one feels the weight of the garments. No subject could have given freer play to his sense of colour or his wonderful ingenuity in decorative design. The dogs and the sheep in the foreground act as a foil to the rich warm reds and blues of the king's cloak and the drapery of the Virgin's throne. The horses in the middle distance are of the precise colour-note to harmonise with the distant sky and the brilliant company of worshippers. In fact, every detail is so carefully portrayed that to omit even the smallest article would mar the perfection of the picture.

Another of Veronese's masterpieces is "The Madonna of the Cuccina Family." Notice how wonderfully the artist has planned his balancing lights. The central white figure on the right, where the Cuccina family are gathered at the foot of the Virgin's throne, acts as a starting-point for the light which curves downward to the boy by the column, then up to the Virgin and Child. This is one of Veronese's most pronounced examples of leading the interest from point to point until its culmination in the central figure of the picture.

We could scarcely overlook Ribera's "St. Agnes" (Fig. 65), were we even so inclined. It has that insistent quality which compels attention. Ribera is not usually so attractive, inasmuch as his love

FIG. 64. The Adoration of the Magi. Veronese. Royal Gallery, Dresden.

Fig. 65. St Agnes. Ribera. Royal Gallery, Dresden.

of the gruesome is often a marked feature in his paintings; but this lovely "St. Agnes" is charming. It is so simple and unassuming, with no accessories to detract from the interest in the sainted maiden. The principal colours in the picture are brown and white, but the artist has carried them through such wonderful gradations of tone that the canvas fairly glows with warmth and brightness. And yet he is true to his Spanish nature in the hints of black in the undertones.

No saint in the Church calendar is more beloved than St. Agnes—a Roman maiden of the fourth century. She was a Christian from her infancy, and as she grew into beautiful young womanhood she refused all advances of a royal lover because of her devotion for the Saviour. This so incensed the royal father that she was given over to the common soldiers, but in answer to her prayers her hair grew and formed a glorious cloak of protection, and a gleaming white garment appeared before her. Ribera has made one feel the purity and sincerity of such a lovely girl. For many years the picture was thought to represent St. Mary of Egypt, or possibly the Magdalene, but it is now believed that the artist meant it for St. Agnes.

XIV

DRESDEN—ROYAL GALLERY (Continued)

BEFORE looking at the joyous portraits of Rembrandt and Saskia, his wife, we must see the original of that famous "Reading Magdalene" (Fig. 66), so long attributed to Correggio, and even yet claimed by some authorities to be his. This picture is equally as well known in reproduction as is "Beatrice Cenci." It is barely possible that the painting may be a copy of the lost Magdalene by Correggio, but competent judges assign it to Van der Werff, a Dutch painter of more than a century later. Morelli in comparing the picture with other paintings of this Dutch artist in the gallery, says of the defects, "the crude ultramarine blue which was very like that used by Van der Werff; the affected long fingers; the laboured, over-smooth treatment of the foreground, and the coquettish lack of naïveté in the general design," all point away from Correggio and toward Van der Werff.

How different in sentiment and composition is Rembrandt's "Portraits of Himself and Saskia" (Fig. 67), although both artists were natives of

Fig. 66. Reading Magdalene. Van der Werff. Royal Gallery, Dresden.

Fig. 67. Portrait of Rembrandt and his Wife. Rembrandt. Royal Gallery, Dresden.

FIG. 68. Boy. Pintoricchio. Royal Gallery. Dresden.

Holland. Rembrandt painted this picture when his life was full of happiness. It really seems to brighten the room where it hangs, so full is it of glorious sunshine. One can well agree with the critic who said that Rembrandt appeared to have mixed his pigments with sunlight. As we watch the sparkle and gleam on his arbitrary spots of light, we are tempted to protect our eyes from the glare. His pictures, like his life, embrace the whole gamut of human happiness and woe. No shadow has yet crept up as a foreboding of the coming tragedy when his darling Saskia is to be taken from him, and an admiring and munificent public is to forsake him. It is well to see this picture before we look on his "Supper at Emmaus" (Fig. 104), in the Louvre, in order that we may understand somewhat both the height and depth of this man's intense nature. Rembrandt stands with that wonderful trio of Italian artists—Michael Angelo, Raphael, and Leonardo da Vinci—as an expositor of human emotions.

As we turn to Pintoricchio's "Boy" (Fig. 68), we realise at once that here is a young lad that the artist knew personally and yet he has emphasised those traits in the boy that show us boyhood in general. We recognise the unconscious self-absorption of the boys we know. Boys, unlike girls, pay little thought to what people are thinking of them, for they are too much absorbed with

their own schemes. They are literally "father to the man" and have plans carefully thought out to execute. This boy, with his sober face framed in chestnut-brown hair and quaint blue cap, is a typical child of nature; but the full eyes and curving lips mark him as the pride of someone well known to the artist. Such a picture would warm the heart of any boy if it were hung in his own room or at school.

Dresden is rich in Netherland pictures. Teniers' "Village Fête" (Fig. 69) is one of those out-of-door scenes so common with the "Little Masters." How perfectly the artist has given us the spirit of the merry-making season—convivial, happy-go-lucky swains, dancing with the clumsy damsels of the village with all the abandon of accepted admirers. Teniers knew also how to lay his colours and blend his lights and shades.

In turning to the indoor scene of "The Song Accompanied by the Piano" (Fig. 70), we know that Kasper Netscher was a frequent visitor at that house or one similar to it. Exquisitely graceful is the lady in her shimmery white satin dress, and slyly humourous the face of the boy who stands so demurely holding the tray. He may be the small brother who has divined the secret of the lady's careful toilet and dainty witcheries. The breadth of handling is quite marked in the

Fig. 69. Village Fête. Teniers. Royal Gallery, Dresden.

Fig. 70. Song with Piano. Netscher. Royal Gallery, Dresden.

Fig. 71. Christ on the Cross. Dürer. Royal Gallery, Dresden.

Fig. 72. Christ with the Doctors. Hofmann. Royal Gallery, Dresden.

pillared background, yet the elaborate table-spread is portrayed like jewel work. It is assuredly true that these "Little Masters" were "Little" only in the size of their workmanship.

One of the saddest pictures in all art is Dürer's "Christ on the Cross" (Fig. 71). The loneliness of the Saviour is intensified by the awful desolation of the scene. There is nothing to relieve the prevailing gloom of the picture save the faint tinges of green, yellow, and red of the distant horizon and the slender birch-trees waving in the breeze. Even the fluttering white cloth seems to echo and re-echo that despairing cry of nineteen hundred years ago, "My God! My God! Why hast thou forsaken me?" The body of the Christ is beautifully modelled. There is nothing ghastly or repelling about the agony on that face. Our hearts go out in deepest love and sympathy for the human suffering of the God-man. Dürer knew how to appeal to man's highest nature, and his religious pictures supplement the teachings of the great Luther who was pushing forward the Reformation at about the same period.

One of the most popular pictures, if not the greatest favourite, with the general sightseer in the Dresden Gallery, is Hofmann's "Christ before the Doctors" (Fig. 72). Not even the "Sistine Madonna" calls forth as many exclamations of rapture. Probably no religious picture

is so well known in the Sunday-schools and homes of our country as this "Christ before the Doctors." It is the one picture where Hofmann has escaped theatrical treatment of a biblical scene and has really presented a simple and sincere phase of the subject. No one will deny that something divine in the clear, straightforward gaze of the youthful Jesus compels the doctors to listen, and that the raised head is depicted with a holy strength. The full power of the boy Jesus is felt even in the photographs, as well as in the original painting. This picture has given Hofmann a reputation, however, that his other religious works do not justify. We regret that Raphael's pictorial Bible stories were not chosen to form our children's ideals of Holy Writ, for then their growing minds would be inspired with nobler thoughts of the Bible and higher ideals of art.

Von Uhde's "Bethlehem" is another religious picture in the Dresden Gallery by a modern German artist. Von Uhde reached the limit of realism in this picture. He believed, like Rembrandt, Veronese, and other artists, that all religious scenes should be set in his own day and surroundings, but he went a step further and chose those surroundings in the humblest walks of life. This is beautiful in thought, and many of his pictures appeal strongly to us because of

his sincerity, but why such realism as angels with wings and calloused, corn-covered feet and poor half-starved bodies sitting on the rafters singing the glad tidings of Bethlehem? There are comely, wholesome peasants who need the Gospel and who could sing "Peace on Earth," and still make us feel glad at the same time.

XV

BERLIN—ROYAL GALLERY

ONE of Murillo's most beautiful religious pictures is "St. Anthony and the Christ Child" (Fig. 73), in the Berlin Gallery. Murillo's "St. Anthony" pictures have less of sentimentalism than his other religious paintings. Possibly St. Anthony's life of sacrifice and spiritual devotion appealed to an inner depth of the artist's nature and called forth feelings more genuine in truth and sincerity. The sweet angel children belong as truly to this world as his street gamins, but the holy joy on the sainted man's face as he clasps the baby Jesus to his heart appears to lift the little group to heavenly places. Gladness fills our hearts that St. Anthony enjoyed the bliss of holding the heavenly Child while he carried the Gospel to the poor.

St. Anthony, an Egyptian, was left a rich orphan when quite young, and, becoming a Christian early in life, felt that his great wealth and high rank hindered his service to God, so he gave his property to the poor and joined a company of hermits in the desert. He was so pure in thought

FIG. 73. St. Anthony and Infant Christ. Murillo. Berlin Gallery. Berlin.

FIG. 74. Portrait of Allesandro del Borro. Velasquez. Berlin Gallery, Berlin.

and action that he roused the hatred of Satan, who began to torment him with every earthly pleasure, even using force to compel him to yield. St. Anthony, however, overcame these temptations and then went further into the desert, where he shut himself in a cave for twenty years. At fifty-five years of age he came forth and began those wonderful years of preaching which lasted until he died, one hundred and four years old. As we remember these few incidents in the holy man's life, we feel that the religious fervour which Murillo has expressed in the spiritual rapture on the saint's face is in harmony with the sentiment of the scene, while the flood of golden light that illuminates the centre of the picture seems to glow in our own hearts.

The "Portrait of Allesandro del Borro" (Fig. 74), by Velasquez, is considered one of the greatest portraits ever painted. When we consider the physical unattractiveness of Allesandro we are still more strongly impressed with the wonderful power of the artist. Velasquez has held us by the marvellous personality of his sitter—the animal magnetism, as it were. Only a master of the brush could have held in abeyance the physical peculiarities and revealed the very soul of the man. Having once seen this portrait, no one could forget del Borro. His individuality fills the room, and were we to see him walking along the street with

familiar friends we would at once recognise him as a man known to us. Such is true portraiture.

It seems quite in place next to look at something by Rubens, because of his close friendship with Velasquez. While Rubens was on a diplomatic mission to Spain, King Philip IV., through his influence, sent Velasquez to Italy to buy paintings for Madrid, and thus made that gallery one of the finest in Europe. We will visit it on our next trip abroad, to be described in a later book. As we stand before one of Rubens' "garland" pictures, especially "The Christ Child, St. John and Angels," we realise as never before that Rubens had a very warm spot in his heart for little children. The infants in this sacred picture are like a wreath of blushing roses or a garland of rosy fruits. The tender pink baby flesh of the little Jesus and John is as exquisite in texture and colour as the bloom on the rose petal or the tint on the cheek of the peach. Surely, in depicting the delicious beauty of the healthy baby flesh, Rubens was a "god among painters," and Reynolds was right in stating that "He is the best workman with his tools that ever managed a pencil."

Let us now look at another Netherland painting, "Hille Bobbe," by Franz Hals (Fig. 75). Hille Bobbe is not a beauty but she is alive. Hals knew that woman and had had many a sharp

Fig. 75. Hille Bobbe. Franz Hals. Berlin Gallery, Berlin.

FIG. 77. Madonna Child and Saints.
Vivarini. Berlin Gallery, Berlin.

FIG. 76. Family of Gelfing. Metsu. Berlin Gallery, Berlin.

encounter of words with her—to his disadvantage, without doubt. Her ribald song and coarse wit were doubtless the amusement of many a bar-room. What a glorious portrait it is! The artist had a marvellous understanding of human nature. Any drawing-room would glow with richness and warmth adorned by such a treasure. Hals was said to have been a common frequenter of the taverns and a great lover of his cups, but surely not in excess, or he never could have left such a vast number of paintings of such excellent quality. Mr. John C. Van Dyke says that Hals "was practically the founder of Dutch painting, yet he realised to the full the Dutch idea and subject, and that, too, with a style that is astonishing in its cultured maturity."

In Metsu's "Family of Gelfing" (Fig. 76), we have a picture of home life among the well-to-do Dutch people rarely equalled in breadth and fidelity. The room is not over-crowded with accessories, but enough furniture is included to suggest the home character. There is a dignity and reserve in the various members of the group that is in sympathetic accord with the thought of a well-organised family. Notice how decorously the nurse brings the youngest born to the gathering and how gleefully the older baby enjoys her pre-empted place by her mother. Observe also how well balanced and yet how varied are the

two ends of the room. The open door at the left, revealing the tiled court-yard and a second door open beyond, affords a breadth of view that enlarges the room and allows plenty of breathing-space for the group. Metsu understood also how to domesticate the dog and cat and make them living members in the household. There is something particularly attractive in the personality that characterises each person. The children on the floor are as individual in their love for the animals as the grown people in their pride of possession. The painting is a fine example of picture portraiture.

It is a long step in both time and country from Metsu's "Family Group" to Vivarini's "Madonna, Child and Saints"(Fig. 77), in the same gallery. The Vivarini family stands for the beginning of Venetian art. It is always interesting and instructive to know a few of the early pictures—the forerunners of the noted masterpieces in any country—for they help to steady our judgment and widen our sense of art development. How quickly we recognise even in this early picture the Venetian's love of elegant stuffs and decorative surroundings. We see also the influence of the far East in the long fingers, elongated faces, and drooping eyelids; but the beautiful transparent colour, the tender expression on the face of the Madonna, and the sturdy little boy at the foot

of the throne mark a decided advance over the Orient. The unconscious little music-makers alone are sufficient to foretell of the future of Venice as a centre for art treasures.

The great master-painter of the famous Republic was "Titian" (Fig. 78), whose portrait was painted by himself. As we look into the face of that man, we are ready to exclaim "Il divino Titiano!" and to agree with Charles V. as he said over and over, "There are many princes, but there is only one Titian," and again, "I have many nobles, but one Titian." Even these flattering remarks from a monarch who was usually "as false as water," did not adequately express the great admiration he had for the artist. One day while the king was watching him a paint brush rolled to the floor and lay there, purposely unnoticed by the attending courtiers. The indignant sovereign, glad to rebuke his followers, stooped and picked up the brush, remarking, "It becomes Cæsar to serve Titian."

The artist painted this portrait of himself when he was sixty-five years old. Look at the broad, swift strokes on the changeable crimson doublet, shimmery damask sleeves, and fur collar. They show the strength of a master hand and need no "finish" to prove its skill. Notice the strength of character in every line of the wonderfully modelled face—every inch an aristocrat, every

thought a power, every action an achievement. What an inheritance he has left to us!

As we turn now to the "Portrait of his Daughter Lavinia," we realise the tenderness of the great master. This daughter was the "absolute mistress of his soul." His wife, Cecilia, died as the little daughter first saw the light, and later his eldest son, destined for a priest, disgraced him; little wonder then that the motherless treasure became "the person dearest to him in all the world." He painted her picture many times, and twice in this same pose, but in this picture preeminently her simple, unconscious manner reveals the sweet, natural companionship that existed between father and daughter. She has apparently just turned her head to ask if the basket of fruit is held at the right angle. She is dressed in a gown of yellowish silk which contrasts perfectly with her warm, glowing flesh and dark, auburn hair. The golden diadem circling her head sparkles in unison with the softer glow on the string of pearls around her neck. The questioning look in her deep brown eyes is so modest and girlish that it adds another charm to the masterpiece. It is indeed a rare privilege to look upon the faces of Titian and Lavinia and trace the resemblance of the daughter to the great master.

In the scenes from "The Life of Christ," by

FIG. 78. Portrait of Titian. Titian. Berlin Gallery, Berlin.

Fig. 79. The Magi and the Star. Van der Weyden.
Berlin Gallery, Berlin.

Van der Weyden, we recognise many of the old legends of the church that have been particularly well preserved among the northern people of Europe. Notice in "The Magi Worshipping the Star" (Fig. 79), how the star is represented as a little child—the infant Jesus. With simple naïveté the wise men yield willing worship to the heavenly vision. Van der Weyden has also preserved the legend of the three races in portraying the eastern kings. He shows especial genius in the arrangement of this composition, and his love of nature has given us a rare bit of landscape, quite unusual for his time. His handling of drapery-folds also, and the portrayal of elegant stuffs mark him as an artist whose travels in Italy had broadened his art without destroying his originality. His religious pictures are full of sincerity and honest feeling even though the figures are awkward and the drawing rather faulty.

Van der Weyden had a curious way of placing many of his groups as though seen through an archway. As we look at "The Naming of the Little St. John," the effectiveness of the round arch with its grey stone decorative designs, erect statues, and slender pillars is strikingly evident. He seemed to make use of the arch for a dividing screen when he wished to represent more than one scene of action. In this picture he has preserved another tradition in placing a halo around

the head of the woman holding the little St. John. This symbol indicates that the woman is the Virgin Mary whom many presume remained with Elizabeth until after the birth of John the Baptist. This was a common belief in the early centuries of the church and we love to think that it is correct. We are charmed with the tender solicitude of the nurse at the back of the room as she leans over the bed where Elizabeth lies. Even in this strictly indoors scene the artist has shown his love for the great out-of-doors by the tiny glimpse of country visible through the half-open door and by the stray plants at the feet of the principal actors directly before us.

XVI

AMSTERDAM—RYKS MUSEUM

REMBRANDT'S "Night Watch" (Fig. 80) is the greatest treasure in the Ryks Museum, and one of the six greatest pictures in the world. Rembrandt probably had no sketch of the subject as a whole in making this corporation picture, although two hasty sketches of the central group exist—one in black chalk and the other a pen drawing. The discussion regarding the correct title of the scene seems settled in favour of the "Day Watch" despite the fact that some authorities still cling to the former name. In the opinion of many the term "Night Watch" may have come from the dense shadows and dark tones which, even in 1780, made Reynolds doubtful whether this was really a Rembrandt. Strange stories also have arisen as to the meaning of the scene. Of the two most commonly told, one account says that the men were assembled in preparation for practice of military tactics and that the moment chosen by the artist is the instant when the men with arms prepared are ready to start out. This would give decided precedent

to the term "Day Watch." The other story is more picturesque and might account for the uncertain condition of the tones in the painting. It says that the civic guards were at a banquet, when in the midst of the festivities a little girl gave an alarm; she said that while she and her little companion were playing at nightfall near the edge of the town they overheard some Spanish soldiers planning an attack. This startling information might have been the cause of the apparent confusion in the scene and explain the presence in the foreground of the child, a queer mixture of woman and girl. It matters little, however, what the cause of the assembly may be, or the name of the picture, for we are intensely absorbed in the marvellous lighting. Whence comes the light that floods the whole form of the child? Why is one man in the foreground apparently in the full sunlight while his companion by his side, excepting for his face, hand, and collar, is in the shadow? Never has Rembrandt been more arbitrary in placing his light than in this curious composition.

When the "Night Watch" was placed in the Ryks Museum it was too large for the space assigned, so a *piece was cut off each side* to accommodate it to its new home. Was there ever greater vandalism than that? This picture was the beginning of the end of Rembrandt's life as a popular

FIG. 80. Night Watch. Rembrandt. Ryks Museum, Amsterdam.

Fig. 81. The Cloth Merchants. Rembrandt. Ryks Museum, Amsterdam.

artist. The civic guards had asked for a guild picture where each man would have equal prominence, but the artist was not willing simply to make a portrait group regardless of pictorial effect even to hold the patronage that was his right. Art was considered too sacred a calling by Rembrandt to be controlled by the patron. The "Night Watch" has been recently cleaned, and now more than ever gives the impression of being a "Day Watch."

Rembrandt found in "The Cloth Merchants" (Fig. 81), that a portrait quality best suited the corporation picture. In this painting we have the same keen, bright faces so characteristic of the Dutch merchants to-day; in fact, one can scarcely realise that nearly three hundred years have rolled by since Rembrandt painted these men. Dark clothes, wide, white collars, and broad beaver hats have changed very little in Holland in the three centuries. Were hands ever more instinct with life and personal traits, and bodies more responsive to well-balanced minds? These men are simple merchants discussing some details of their calling, but there is not a face expressive of greed and a desire to appropriate the lion's share. We wish to shake each man by the hand and ask his views of the vital questions of the day. Not a man among them has his "price." Notice again how the faces are all in the light and the clothes and

hats subordinated at the artist's discretion. Such unique effects, produced by the arbitrary placing of light and shadow, were never achieved before or since, but of course there has never been but one Rembrandt.

Opposite Rembrandt's "Night Watch" hangs Van der Helst's "Civic Guards" (Fig. 82). Sir Joshua Reynolds said of this work: "This is, perhaps, the first picture of portraits in the world, comprehending more qualities which make a perfect portrait than any other I have seen." Helst was perfectly willing to sacrifice the picture quality in order to please each individual in the portrait quality. Someone has aptly said in criticising the painting that if Helst had taken separate portraits and pasted them on canvas, there would scarcely have been less unity in light and atmosphere. Portraits were in demand at that time, and Helst was ready to help furnish the supply and please his patrons. Each man of the twenty-five in the "Civic Guard" is given equal prominence with his neighbour—wonderful men they are, too. Note the supreme dignity and repose of each, and how expressive of individual character are the faces and hands of the assembled company! But where can the mind rest in contemplating such a collection of portraits? Let us turn for a moment and look again at the "Night Watch" opposite. How

Fig. 82. The Banquet of Civic Guards. Van der Helst. Ryks Gallery, Amsterdam.

FIG. 83. The Jester. Franz Hals.
Ryks Museum, Amsterdam.

FIG. 84. Christmas. Jan Steen. Ryks Museum, Amsterdam.

quickly the eye seeks the centre of attraction! The mind feels a sense of relief to have the interest centralised. Rembrandt produced a picture, Helst simply a portrait group.

The director of the Ryks Museum says that competent judges pronounce Hals' "Jester" (Fig. 83) not genuine—probably painted by one of Hals' family. Mr. Timothy Cole, who has made an excellent engraving of it, points out the clumsiness of the hands as the most evident sign of an inferior brush, but acknowledges that the "Jester," though an uncertain work, certainly displays remarkable cleverness of handling. There is possibly a subtle consciousness of touch foreign to Hals, for his method is simplicity itself and always perfectly natural and unconscious.

In the picture of "Christmas" (Fig. 84), by Jan Steen, this artist proves that though usually a painter of scenes from the tavern and ale-house, he was equally at home in the family among the children. He has here brought us in close touch with the Christmas-morning scenes in the homes where there are children. Who has not watched with delight the toddling darling of the household as she appropriates all the presents to herself, even to the extent of making a cry-baby of her booby brother? Steen has often been called the Dutch Hogarth. He assuredly satirised the foibles of humanity unmercifully, but his pic-

tures of vice are perhaps a little too attractive, although his sarcastic slings may have cut deeply.

One of the best of Gerard Dou's pictures is in the Ryks Museum. Mr. Cole says of it: "I well remember, on seeing for the first time the 'Night School,' how I put up my hand to shut out the light of the candles in the foreground, that I might better discern the objects in the background, forgetting for the moment that they were not real, but painted lights." The effect of the light from the five candles in the picture is truly remarkable. The custom of the Dutch artists in painting these candle-light scenes was to shut out the daylight and illuminate a room with tallow dips, then to look through an aperture cut in the door and study the effect of the artificial illumination.

XVII

THE HAGUE—PICTURE GALLERY ANTWERP—CATHEDRAL

IN The Hague Picture Gallery we find Rembrandt's famous "School of Anatomy" (Fig. 85). This painting, ordered by Doctor Tulp for the Guild of Surgeons, was the artist's first guild picture and was intended for the Dissecting-Room in Amsterdam. It is said that soon after Rembrandt received the order he bribed Doctor Tulp's attendant to secrete him in the lecture-room behind a curtain where he could see and hear without being seen. It was against the rules of the guild to admit an outsider during lecture hours when the doctor was demonstrating to his associates and the students. Rembrandt's subterfuge was discovered, but Doctor Tulp forgave the artist when he saw the painting he had produced because of his unfair measure. The picture represents the moment when Doctor Tulp is explaining to his audience—not seen in the painting—the working of the muscles and tendons of the arm. Although Rembrandt has placed his strongest light on the livid white body

of the "subject," he has given such pronounced individuality to the men listening to the great physician that their faces claim the closest attention. No thought of the gruesomeness of the object under discussion detracts from our interest in Doctor Tulp or the effect of his discourse on his hearers. There is an extraordinary expression of keen understanding on the face of the great man, and his hands respond deftly in the use of the forceps and in supplementing his verbal explanation. The shortness of the right arm of the corpse is explained by artists as a deformity, for Rembrandt never would have made so great a blunder in anatomy.

In the next room is Paul Potter's "Bull" (Fig. 86). As we stand before this picture and listen to the remarks of the people always gathered around it, we hear such exclamations as: "How natural!" "Doesn't he stand out?" and "Isn't he a fine animal?" "Yes," we answer to the last remark, "he is a fine animal, but he certainly does not deserve all the eulogies bestowed upon him by the general sightseer." "The Bull" is particulary well done for a young artist only twenty-one years old; he has all the qualities of "standing out," and of being "natural." In fact, Mr. John C. Van Dyke is right in saying that "the bull seems in some danger of falling out of the frame": he has no part or coherence with

FIG. 85. School of Anatomy. Rembrandt. Picture Gallery, The Hague.

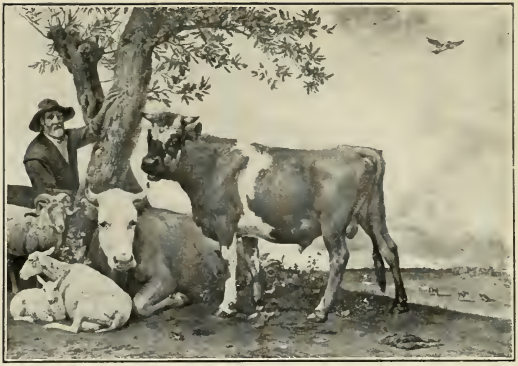

Fig. 86. The Bull. Paul Potter. Picture Gallery, The Hague.

Fig. 87. The Despatch. Ter Borch. Picture Gallery, The Hague.

the rest of the scene, but is simply a picture by himself. Now let us look at him in reference to his relationship with the other objects in the painting. The bull has life and spirit peculiar to his kind, but the cow and the sheep might just as well be of clay so far as any resemblance to living animals is concerned. Even the man could not possibly lift himself away from the supporting tree and fence. Potter seems to have used all his skill on the young bull, excepting that he has made the sky and clouds an admirable background for the pose of his favourite. One is curious to know why this picture was ever included among the ten greatest pictures of the world, as has often been the case.

Naturally the visitor expects to find many paintings by the "Little Dutchmen" of Holland in The Hague, and he is not disappointed, for the number and variety of their genre subjects even exceed expectations. Probably the greatest artist of this group was Gerard Ter Borch, a man who stands very close to Rembrandt and Franz Hals in his artistic career. His paintings are pictures pure and simple. "The Despatch" (Fig. 87) was painted in 1655 when he had reached the maturity of his powers. Peace had been declared in the Netherlands, and Ter Borch's officer therefore represents a soldier retired from active service in the field. These retired officers were favourite

subjects in many of his paintings. We are charmed with the simplicity of action in the composition. The scene represents a standing trumpeter who has come to bring his superior a despatch, an officer, and a girl seated on the floor by his side. The striking blue and yellow costume of the trumpeter stands in bold contrast to the white satin of the girl's dress. Ter Borch loved to clothe his women in white satin and he knew just how to let the light play over its smooth surface; his rare handling also of light and shade produced a delicate harmony in tones that heightened the artistic charm of his works.

In "Soap Bubbles" (Fig. 88), Van Mieris has given us one of his happy scenes of everyday life. This commonest of all sports of children in every country has become under his hand one of the rarest of pleasures. Why have we never seen the full beauty of such a pastime before? Was any child ever so fascinating when blowing bubbles as this little fellow before us? Did any grapevine ever form such an arbour of luxuriant leaves? Surely Van Mieris has given us a peep into a new world of beauty. That picture is a messenger of happy days. The artist had a pleasing habit of choosing subjects from his immediate surroundings and of putting into his pictures a good-humoured view of life. His scenes always give us a feeling of contentment and good cheer. The

FIG. 88. Soap Bubbles. Van Mieris. Picture Gallery, The Hague.

Fig. 89. The Descent from the Cross. Rubens. Antwerp Cathedral, Antwerp.

"Little Dutchmen" most assuredly knew how to paint for the home.

We must stop at Antwerp if only to see Rubens' "Descent from the Cross," in the Cathedral (Fig. 89). It is not only one of the six greatest pictures of the world, but the most famous painting of the subject. The startling effect of the pallid dead body against the white sheet shows Rubens' power to accomplish satisfactory results where a lesser artist would have failed. Such splendid handling of white against white has rarely been equalled and never surpassed. As the eye follows the motive of white light from the man holding the sheet in his mouth diagonally across the canvas, it notes how tenderly the illumination falls on the golden head of the Magdalene and spends itself on the face of the weeping Mother and the other woman. The tones of white vary as sensitively as the notes on bells of various sizes and shapes; there is no similarity between the white flesh of the dead Christ and the stricken face of the Virgin Mother, although both are apparently bloodless. The drawing of the dead body, so limp and helpless in its lifeless condition, and the firm muscles of the two men lowering the precious burden is masterful and true; and the colours are subdued and sombre, excepting the warm flesh tints of the Magdalene's face and arms and her glorious golden hair.

We have now seen six of the greatest pictures of the world:

"The Last Supper," Leonardo da Vinci (Fig. 53).
"The Sistine Madonna," Raphael (Fig. 60).
"The Last Judgment," Michael Angelo (Fig. 5).
"The Assumption," Titian (Fig. 41).
"The Night Watch," Rembrandt (Fig. 80).
"The Descent from the Cross," Rubens (Fig. 89).

XVIII

PARIS—LOUVRE

AS we enter the Louvre picture gallery from the staircase where the "Winged Victory of Samothrace" rests on the prow of a ship, we come to Ingres' "Source" (Fig. 90), a picture representing the artist's belief that "in nature all is form," as he often said. The beauty and dignity of the perfectly modelled body accord well with the severe lines in the rock; and the delicately curved limbs of the chaste maiden find a counterpart in the stream pouring from the jar on her shoulder. The purity and simplicity of the theme lift one to noble thoughts and high ideals. We seem to reach the real source of goodness where all is pure and holy. The limpid pool is Nature's mirror for the lowly flower that blooms by the water's edge and the sinless child who stands by its brink. Ingres has closely united the sister arts—sculpture and painting—in this single figure. He came at a time in French art when the classic was beginning to give place to a little more realism. His enthusiasm for correct drawing is still felt in the French school, although nearly a half-century has passed since his death.

One of the greatest treasures of the Louvre is Leonardo da Vinci's "Mona Lisa" (Fig. 91). Although Leonardo, after four years of work, considered it unfinished, it is a masterpiece. Her smile alone is the wonder of critics and the despair of artists. To paint a face in the act of crying or laughing without making it grotesque is a marvellous achievement. Leonardo has put on canvas a smile that is everlasting. The fascination of that soulful woman is inexplicable. She sits there reposeful as a sphinx, thoughtful as a philosopher, imperious as a queen, and gentle as a woman. Like the little stream that winds away in the distance, she seems to have no beginning or end. About all we know of the history of this unique woman is that she was the wife of Francesco del Giocondo. When Leonardo painted her portrait he had musicians sing and play to enliven her thoughts.

There are several of Titian's masterpieces in the Carré gallery of the Louvre. His "Entombment" is considered the best picture ever painted of that strange scene. It is not an attractive subject, but Titian, as usual, has made of it a grand and majestic composition. The dead Christ is being borne to the grave by Nicodemus and Joseph of Arimathea, while St. John, the beloved disciple, tenderly holds the lifeless arm of his dead Master. Joseph is swinging the

lower part of the body around toward the tomb near the trees on the right, thus throwing it into the full light. The lurid gleam breaking through the clouds falls on the faces of Joseph, John, and the two women—the Virgin and Mary Magdalene. The yellow dress of the latter and her rich auburn hair are stirred by the early breeze, which seems to come from the gloom in the depths of the trees.

Titian's "Man with a Glove" is the portrait of some person now unknown. But what a portrait it is! As we gaze on it, we can readily voice John Ruskin's statement, "When Titian looks at a human being he sees at a glance the whole nature, outside and in; all that it has of form, of colour, of passion, or of thought; saintliness and loveliness; fleshly body and spiritual power; grace or strength, or softness, or whatsoever other quality, he will see to the full, and so paint, that, when narrow people come to look at what he has done, every one may, if he choose, find his own special pleasure in the work."

Of Raphael's pictures in this Carré gallery possibly we love best his "Madonna of the Garden." Into this lovely idyl, painted just after he became of age, the artist has introduced the little St. John, thus giving a wider range to his portrayal of the child's activities. In his earlier compositions the baby Jesus was simply held

by the Mother, but now in the group idea he has presented a picture of child-life that pleases because of its simple truthfulness. The pyramidal character of the composition is entirely natural, for the standing and kneeling children form a broad base and the Madonna sitting between them is just the right height to complete the triangular figure. It is not the symmetry of the painting that most attracts us, however, but the exquisite beauty of the group and the lovely landscape setting. The two children are among the best of Raphael's delightful delineations of child-life. In form and pose the little Jesus equals the statues of the old Greek masters, while the unconscious adoration of the little St. John has the spiritual element of Fra Angelico.

Ten years later Raphael painted the "Holy Family of Francis I.," hanging near the "Madonna of the Garden." This picture is considered one of the richest in colour, the most dramatic in the portrayal of motion and the fulness and delicacy of drapery, and the most careful in execution of all of the master's works. Certainly the "Holy Family" has never been more true to the ideals of home, where the family and nearest kindred meet together, than in this homely group of Joseph, Mary, and the little Jesus, with Elizabeth and St. John.

In Raphael's "St. Michael and the Dragon"

Fig. 92. St. Michael and the Dragon. Raphael. Louvre, Paris.

FIG. 94. St. Augustine and his Mother.
Scheffer. Louvre, Paris.

FIG. 93. Marriage of St. Catharine. Correggio.
Louvre, Paris.

(Fig. 92), we find a hackneyed subject treated artistically and dramatically. Notice how lightly and swiftly the archangel descends upon the grovelling dragon and takes him unawares in his rocky retreat. Not by physical force does St. Michael hold the archfiend captive, but as the mightiest of created spirits, with unlimited power over the wiles of the devil. Raphael's conception of the archangel "like unto God," is a pure, undefiled youth with a well-balanced three-fold nature consecrated to the destruction of evil. The trained body finds no obstacle in the rock-bound coast; the alert mind discovers the obscure hiding-place of the Evil One; and the undaunted spirit fears no defeat in the single-handed conflict. Raphael painted this picture for King Francis I., of France, in 1518.

We now come to Correggio's "Marriage of St. Catherine" (Fig. 93), one of his most beautiful religious pictures. Legend says that Catherine, the maiden queen of Egypt, was not pleased with any of her numerous lovers. In her dream one night the Virgin appeared with the divine Child in her arms. Catherine felt at once that this Child was to be her future bridegroom, but to her sorrow he turned away from her. She then sought a Christian hermit and became converted. Again she dreamed that the Virgin came to her, and this time the Holy Child brought a

marriage ring and placed it on her finger. She awoke with joy to find the ring really as she had dreamed. The picture is full of gladness and the happy spirit of abandon, yet with little spiritual significance to mark it as a sacred subject. Even St. Christopher, who is witnessing the betrothal, resembles Apollo more than a saint.

Before leaving the Carré gallery we must look at those marvellous compositions by Veronese, "The Marriage at Cana," and "Christ in the House of Simon the Pharisee." "The Marriage at Cana," finished in 1563, was probably painted to celebrate the marriage of Eleanor of Austria to William Gonzaga, which occurred in 1561. The guests at the tables are evidently portraits of prominent personages of the artist's time, but to identify them individually is a matter of conjecture. The musicians in the foreground are portraits of the Venetian painters then living. Veronese himself is the man in white who plays the viol; behind him is Tintoretto with a similar instrument, and on the other side Titian with a base-viol, and the elder Bassano with a flute.

We will now go to a picture interesting to us because of its subject, "St. Augustine and his Mother, Monica," by Scheffer (Fig. 94). There is nothing attractive in the cold colour, the hard drawing, the strained and awkward positions of the mother and son, yet the sincerity and deep

FIG. 95. Immaculate Conception. Murillo. Louvre, Paris.

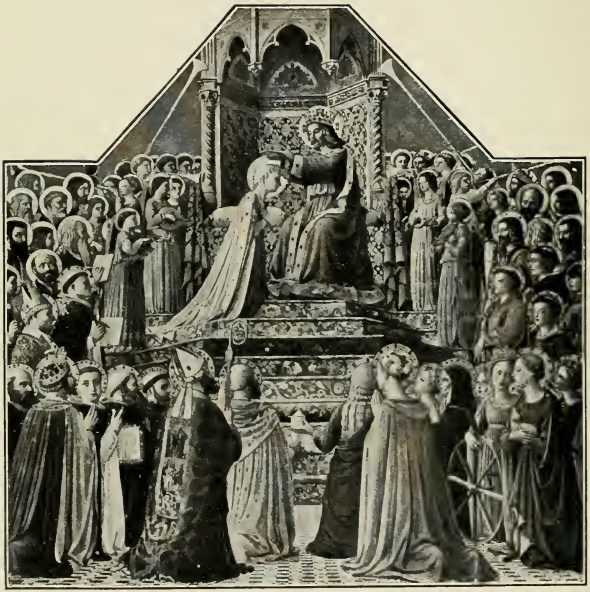

Fig. 96. Coronation of the Virgin. Fra Angelico. Louvre, Paris.

religious feeling in the upturned faces touch a responsive chord in our hearts. The devoted Christian mother at last has had her prayers answered, for the dissipated son has been brought into the kingdom. St. Augustine became one of the greatest fathers in the Church during the fifth century, and to-day is revered as the patron saint of theologians and learned men.

Murillo's "Immaculate Conception" (Fig. 95) is probably the most popular picture in the Louvre to the lay public. Moreover, this beautiful Virgin, gazing into heaven with the half-moon under her feet, is certainly a lovely child. Nothing could be more graceful than the deep blue mantle concealing and revealing the soft white robe beneath it. The setting of blue sky and fleecy clouds, and the delicate soft pink of the baby throng make a charming picture indeed. But is there any depth in the excessive sweetness of the doll-baby face? Can you conceive of that simple child saying, "Behold, the hand-maid of the Lord; be it unto me according to thy word"? Is this the Virgin unto whom shall be born one whose "Name shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor, the mighty God, the everlasting Father, the Prince of Peace"? Murillo's religious pictures savour too much of sentimentalism to give true spiritual food, especially those of the immaculate conception.

How quickly we feel the spirit of genuine religious fervour in Fra Angelico's "Coronation of the Virgin" (Fig. 96). Here is none of the beauty of form, grace of pose, and artistic arrangement of drapery, but spiritual sincerity breathes from every line. Notice how delicately the artist has portrayed the smallest detail in the Gothic throne, and how tenderly and lovingly each jewel is placed in the crown of the divine Mother and risen Son. Fra Angelico used his art to advance the religion of Christ, and every stroke of his brush was made after a prayer for Divine guidance. No one could question the spirit of true devotion in such a work of art; the childlike character of the theme and simplicity in executing the thought warm our hearts and bring us nearer to holy aspirations.

This picture was taken from the church of San Domenico, Fiesole, Italy, during the invasion of the French in 1812, and carried to Paris.

XIX

PARIS—LOUVRE (Continued)

IN studying Corot's "Dance of the Nymphs" (Fig. 97), we feel a peculiar joyousness in the artist's love for the big out-of-doors. Corot was a veritable child of nature, hence always called the happy one of the Barbizon group of artists. The nymphs are not the only dancers in this sylvan scene, for the leaves are dancing on the branches, the flowers are dancing in the grass, and the little clouds are dancing as they scud across the blue sky. Who has ever painted such trees before or since—trees filled with the glory of the noonday sun, dripping with the evening dew, and sparkling in the morning light? Corot himself says in explaining how to appreciate his pictures: "To really get into my landscapes you must wait —wait till the mists have cleared a little. Be patient! You can't see the whole at first; but gradually, by-and-by, you will get in; and then I am sure you will be pleased." And who was ever disappointed with a Corot landscape?

How quickly we feel the living, breathing element in Troyon's "Cattle Going to Work"

(Fig. 98). They tramp over the broken ground with all the lumbering patience characteristic of oxen in real life. The long shadows and condensed breath of the early morning harmonize well with the misty atmosphere that broods over the whole scene. This French peasant is no laggard in meeting the sun as it peeps above the horizon. Troyon's largeness of conception and freedom of touch are qualities that make his pictures well understood by the general public. He appeals to that great majority who *feel* the truth though they may not know how to express their thoughts in words. We might really class Troyon with the landscape-painters pure and simple, save that his love for animals has made him portray them with such personal traits that to remove even one would mar the beauty and unity of the whole landscape.

One of the most classic pictures of the eighteenth-century French paintings is David's "Madame Récamier" (Fig. 99). The purity of thought and simplicity of pose in the composition are charming. How entirely satisfactory is the severely plain white gown against the pale yellow couch and neutral background! The tiny Roman lamp on the tall standard sending forth its faint cloud of incense is a fitting accessory to the bewitching charms of this famous woman. No one who is at all familiar with Napoleonic

FIG. 97. Dance of the Muses. Corot. Louvre, Paris.

FIG. 98. Cattle Going to Work. Troyon. Louvre, Paris.

FIG. 99. Madame Récamier. David. Louvre, Paris.

days in France can ever forget those two marvellous women—Madame de Staël and Madame Récamier, and the part they played in those stirring times. Madame Récamier was always true to her country, although she refused to become a lady attendant to Josephine and was finally banished from Paris by Napoleon because of her lack of sympathy with all his schemes and the intolerant character of some of her brilliant receptions. It is said, however, that when Wellington, the victor at Waterloo, came to pay his respects to her, she forbade him her house. David's portrayal of this beautiful and powerful diplomat shows that it was nevertheless a womanly woman who exerted the influence that Napoleon feared.

Another striking "Portrait of Madame Récamier," in the Louvre, is by Gerard, a pupil of David. The portrait is a fine example of the artist's grace and good taste in the delineation of the charms of a beautiful woman. There is a little less of the classic severity of the master and a trifle more warmth in the personal traits of the woman.

Still another influential woman during Napoleon's reign was Madame Lebrun, the artist. As we look at the "Portrait of the Artist and her Daughter" (Fig. 100), many scenes in her checkered career come before us. This gifted woman

was endowed with every personal charm, but domestic misfortune was her portion through life. Her husband, though clever and a great lover of art, was a spendthrift and gambler. Almost from the beginning of their wedded life he demanded her earnings, even compelling her to unceasing labour that he might live in elegance, while she oftentimes was nearly destitute. But her cramped quarters of two or three rooms were the delight of the cultured, and her little daughter for a time was her daily comfort. Still more sadness was in store for the brave woman, for the daughter became estranged from her mother through marriage to a scheming husband. Madame Lebrun, banished from France by Napoleon, visited many countries, and her personal charms and amazing talents always brought her patronage from the royal families. She probably painted the portraits of more crowned heads of Europe than any other artist who ever lived. In no picture, however, has she shown greater skill than in this portrait of herself and little daughter. The tenderness of motherhood and the innocence of childhood are expressed with the truth and sincerity that at once awaken our interest and hold our attention. Also the modelling of the flesh is superb and the colour blending exquisite.

A particularly startling picture is Ghirlandajo's

FIG. 100. Artist and Daughter. Madame Lebrun. Louvre, Paris.

Fig. 101. Old Man and Boy. Ghirlandajo. Louvre, Paris.

"Old Man and Boy" (Fig. 101). You will exclaim at once, "What an awful nose!" but why not say, "What a beautiful child!" Who but a master in portraiture could have selected a subject with so startling a personal defect and given to the world a portrait that has not the least hint of caricature? Look for a moment at the way the artist has centred the interest in the lovely child; he is perfectly unconscious that his hero has any defect at all. Only the purest love and trust shine on that innocent boyish face, while a tender expression of pleased interest hovers around the old man's mouth. Surely Ghirlandajo has produced a masterpiece in the portraits of this curiously ill-assorted pair. The brilliant red of the boy's cap is in striking contrast to his golden curls and shell-tinted skin, but most satisfactory as a foil to the old man's affliction. The bit of landscape seen through the window is rather stiff and formal, yet the open space adds breadth and depth to the picture. The visitor lingers before this painting fascinated by the kind benevolence of the old face and the loving trustfulness of his wee companion.

One of the rooms of peculiar interest in the Louvre is Rubens' gallery of eighteen immense canvases portraying allegorically the life of Maria de' Medici. This masterful queen, the widow of Henry IV. of France, was regent for her son

Louis XIII. from 1610 to 1617. At her request, Rubens went to Paris and designed the series of paintings which were intended for the embellishment of the queen's Luxembourg palace. The story told in the pictures begins with the Three Fates spinning the fortunes of Maria de' Medici; the scenes then pass on depicting Henry IV. falling in love with Maria's portrait; the nuptials; the wedding-festivities where the king appears as Jupiter and the queen as Juno; the birth of Louis XIII.; the king entrusting the regency to the queen; the apotheosis of Henry IV.; the queen crowned by Victory; the quarrel with her son Louis XIII.; the reconciliation; and Maria de' Medici and Louis XIII. in Olympia. The paintings show Rubens' surprising versatility in design and his usual exuberance of animal spirits in both gods and mortals. After making the sketches for the pictures Rubens took them to Antwerp, where with the aid of his pupils he finished the paintings, always adding the final touches himself.

Mantegna's "Mt. Parnassus" (Fig. 102) is wonderfully rich in legendary lore, although this quality is ever held subordinate to the monumental qualities of the picture. Montegna stood second to none in the fifteenth century. He studied under Donatello, the master sculptor, thus perfecting his great love for form and acquir-

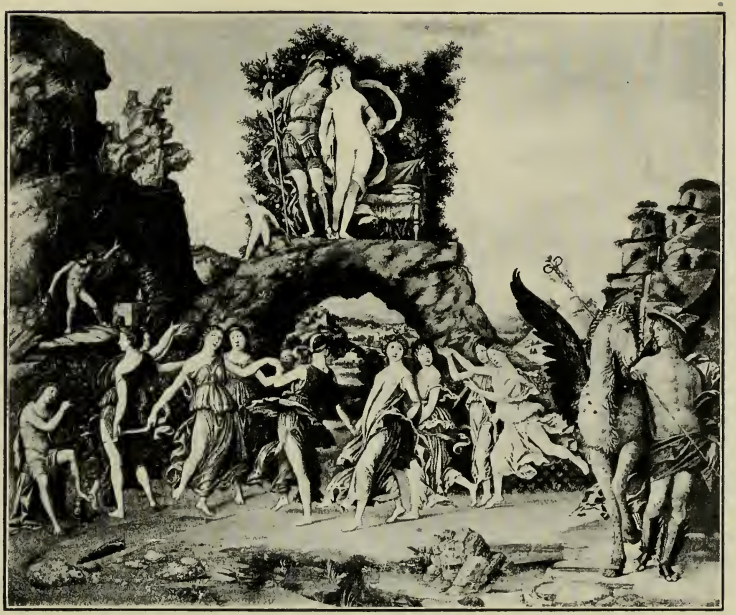

Fig. 102. Mount Parnassus. Mantegna. Louvre, Paris.

FIG. 103. Charles I. and his Horse. Van Dyck. Louvre, Paris.

ing a scientific knowledge of drawing and perspective. These acquirements, together with his vivid imagination, enabled him to put on canvas pictures that are truly monumental in composition and arrangement. Note how effectively he has distributed the various groups on Mt. Parnassus, giving to each person some distinguishing characteristic. On the top of the mount stands Venus with her devoted admirer Mars; near them is her son, Cupid, shooting arrows at poor Vulcan, the love-sick husband of the indifferent Venus. Vulcan stands on the ledge below at the left, while beneath him sits Apollo playing for the Muses as they dance in the foreground. At the right is Mercury by the side of the grateful Pegasus. One must recall the story of Pegasus to really appreciate how much the artist has condensed into those two figures. After Perseus cut off the head of Medusa, so legend says, Pegasus sprang into existence from the gushing blood. When Minerva saw the beautiful, winged steed she tamed him and presented him to the Muses, thus placing him ever at the service of poets; but a needy poet sold the glorious animal and he was put to the plough by his stupid owner. Poor Pegasus was not fit for such lowly service and soon began to droop until his clownish master was at his wits' end. One day Mercury passed that way and, recognising the gifted animal,

asked that he might try the jaded horse. On mounting his back new life thrilled through the noble steed and with raised wings he soared aloft, bearing the god lightly to the land of far away.

"Charles I. and his Horse," by Van Dyck (Fig. 103), is nearly as familiar a picture to the general sightseer as the same artist's "Baby Stuart." As a picture portrait this painting has few equals; the composition is varied, the drawing excellent, the colour pleasing. Possibly the face of the king is a little florid, yet the air of perfect harmony of king, attendants, horse, and landscape is satisfying. Van Dyck was indeed a prince among painters in portraiture, although it is doubtful if he could ever have stood—he died at forty-two—with Titian, Velasquez, and Rembrandt. He painted with a rapidity almost beyond belief. An anecdote is told of his visit to Franz Hals who was about twenty years his senior. Van Dyck asked the Dutch artist to paint his portrait; Hals accepted the commission without learning the name of his sitter. Van Dyck watched with interest the rapid brush strokes of the great artist. When the portrait was finished at one sitting, Van Dyck, with an innocent air, asked Hals to let him paint his portrait. Hals assented and took his seat for the work to begin at once. Van Dyck was careful to place his easel

so that Hals could not see the progress of the work. In an hour Van Dyck announced, "Your portrait is finished." When the astonished Hals saw the painting, he exclaimed: "Either you are the devil or Van Dyck!"

XX

PARIS—LOUVRE (Continued)

WHEN Rembrandt's burdens were the heaviest he painted "The Supper at Emmaus" (Fig. 104). His beloved Saskia was dead, his friends had forsaken him, his patrons had deserted him, and his enemies had left him in poverty, yet his art had grown the deeper and purer withal as his earthly possessions departed. The study of humanity became almost a passion with him in his isolation; he sought for the poor and forlorn, the old and infirm, the crippled and the forsaken, and with brush and etching-needle pictured his impressions, thus giving to the world treasures of inestimable value. Never have the words of the Prophet Isaiah—"He hath no form nor comeliness"—been more truthfully depicted than in Rembrandt's "Christ at Emmaus." On the blessed face of the Christ are impressed the sins and burdens of rebellious humanity and also the divine pity of the Redeemer. The rich low tones of golden brown, shading away from the Saviour as the central light, so envelop the other figures that the glory of the risen Lord seems to give

Fig. 104. Supper at Emmaus. Rembrandt. Louvre, Paris.

Fig. 105. L'Infanta Marguerite. Velasquez. Louvre, Paris.

warmth and gladness to their awakening hearts. An expression of wondering recognition is stealing over the faces of the listening disciples, and the boy at the Saviour's left lingers as though to learn the meaning of the scene. Where else in all art has this singular supper been portrayed with such depth of spiritual significance?

Velasquez's "Portrait of L'Infante Marguerite" (Fig. 105) is another picture almost as well known as is Van Dyck's "Baby Stuart." It is said that Velasquez was the painter of men, par excellence, but surely he knew the inner life of the child as well. This earnest little princess is so child-like in her genuine interest in the object which holds her attention that one almost forgets this is a portrait and wonders what attracts her. The sweet simplicity of the round baby-face and the steady gaze of the wide-open eyes are characteristic of little girlhood. Velasquez must have known much of the daily life of the royal infant and have found favour in her sight, too, or he could not have given such an accurate picture of her charms. Reynolds is the only other artist who has pictured the little miss of six summers with so sympathetic a brush.

Gerard Dou's "Dropsical Woman" (Fig. 106) is another picture that has acquired a reputation scarcely justified by its artistic value. If to differentiate the smallest detail of every article of fur-

niture is great art, then Dou is great; but if true art presents universal truths through a big comprehension of world truths, then Dou is great only in "little things." From the title "Dropsical Woman," one understands that anxious thought, careful attention, and forebodings of sorrow are the sentiments most prominent in the picture. The little group in the centre of the room ought naturally to claim the attention; but notice how the eye wanders to the careful details of the curtain, chandelier, window, ornaments, and doctor's flask—all these objects have received, apparently, the same thought as the patient, the doctor, and the grief-stricken girl. We concede that Dou painted the effect of candlelight on objects and the sparkle and glint on brass kettles in a remarkable manner—in fact, to be as "bright as Dou's copper kettles" has passed into a proverb. It is said that he was so exact and painstaking in his work that he often used a diminishing-glass to bring objects he was copying to the same scale as his picture. To study his paintings with a magnifying-glass reveals an exquisite delicacy of workmanship fascinating to those who love exact reproductions. But does such work, we ask, reveal the individual traits of the artist or the model?

It would be hard to imagine a greater difference of treatment than between Van Ostade's

Fig. 106. Dropsical Woman. Dou. Louvre, Paris.

Fig. 107. Fish Market. Ostade. Louvre, Paris.

Fig. 108. Officer and Young Woman. Ter Borch. Louvre, Paris.

"Fish Market" (Fig. 107), and Gerard Dou's paintings. Adriaan van Ostade placed his easel among the common work-a-day people and portrayed scenes at times quite disgusting in themselves, yet by his clever workmanship raised entirely away from the ugly or degraded. Indeed, a "Fish Market" or any flesh-vendors' stalls are not artistically attractive, but what could be more charming than this little corner? The man and his fish are simply captivating. The warm, mellow light illumines the man's dull clothes and glistens on his florid face and hands until they respond to the reflection from the glittering scales on the dead fish. The close partnership between the dealer and his wares ennobles his calling. Gladly we would give this picture the place of honour in the dining-room of our homes.

We turn to Ter Borch's "Officer Offering Money to a Young Woman" (Fig. 108), and find the same breadth of treatment, although Ter Borch was an aristocrat and usually chose his scenes from among the people of refinement and culture. Van Ostade, on the other hand, pictured the doings of the ale-house and the tavern. Each artist was a genius; from their pictures we can reproduce the actual daily life of the people of Holland during the seventeenth century. Fromentin says of the picture before us, "It is one of the finest Dutch works that the Louvre owns."

Certainly the brush-work is perfect; with thoughtful care he has noted details, but without the least pettiness; clear and well-defined are the figures, but wholly enveloped by the palpitating atmosphere of the room. Those people live and their humanity is the keynote that touches the heart. Ter Borch seldom places many objects or pieces of furniture with his two or three persons, but he makes those few pieces an intimate part of the scene. His sense of selection and discrimination is so keen that nothing superfluous is dragged in for effect. What a commentary on furniture-crowded, bric-a-brac-smothered rooms his pictures would be if they could only be hung on the walls in such homes! Simplicity and self-restraint seem to be the watchwords in all his pictures. Ter Borch was a finished workman and painted small pictures, still his handling was broad and full.

One of the very popular pictures of the Dutch school in the Louvre is Govert Flinck's "Portrait of a Young Girl" (Fig. 109). Flinck was not only a pupil of Rembrandt, but his personal friend. It was while under the influence of the great master that he painted this beautiful child. She belongs to no special country or nation but is Nature's product and, like a flower, is claimed by all who love the grace and simplicity of childhood. There is something of Rembrandt's man-

FIG. 109. Young Girl. Flinck. Louvre, Paris.

FIG. 110. The Blessing. Chardin. Louvre, Paris.

Fig. 111. Helena Fourment and Children. Rubens.
Louvre, Paris.

ner about the drapery, yet Flinck has not sacrificed his own individuality. The colouring is especially choice in rich, low tones and the flesh tints glow with warmth and life. If Flinck had only remained true to himself and his master he might have developed into an artist worthy of a place near Rembrandt; but public approval was more to him than the teachings of the master who at that period was losing his popularity. Flinck turned to the more recent idols of the fickle multitude—Murillo and Rubens—and soon became so popular as a portrait-painter that he was unable to fill the orders that poured in on him. Such popularity brought reputation but not lasting fame.

One of the dearest little genre pictures of the early French school is Chardin's "The Blessing" (Fig. 110), in the Louvre. His pictures portraying the lowly in life became the rage in Paris and for awhile were the gems of the exhibitions in the Salon. The great popularity of his scenes of domestic life made it possible for the engraver to reproduce them at prices within the reach of the very people whose lives he was depicting. Chardin came at a time when the court and nobility of France were simply playing at living and most of the artists were catering to their foibles; his truthfulness in portraying scenes from real life was just the element to counteract the insincerity and in-

sipidity that were beginning to pall on satiated royalty. This homely scene of "The Blessing" must have come like bread to a cake-sick people. The arrangement of the composition is simplicity itself; the element of absolute truth that the tiny suppliant represents, while with folded hands she repeats the blessing, includes every beholder in the petition. The colour, light, shade, and harmony of this little gem are prefect. What a rare blessing such a picture would bring were it hung where our children could feel its influence at every meal of the day!

The charm of Rubens' "Helen Fourment and Her Two Children" (Fig. 111) lies in the sweet unconsciousness of the little girl and the pert "lord of creation" attitude of the boy. Rubens here represents the prevalent opinion that exists even to the present day in Europe regarding the superior position of the boy over the girl in the household. The mother, Rubens' second wife, doubtless shared the belief, for her pride in her son is as evident as the neglect of her timid little daughter; yet after all it is the shy little girl with her apron full of flowers, perhaps, that appeals to our hearts; she is so perfectly self-forgetful in her innocent attention to the other two. Rubens must have taken great delight in painting this child-wife, now but twenty, and her lovely children. He has not only watched the growth of

this boy and girl with the eye of a parent, but has probably seen in the workings of their minds many things that reminded him of his own childhood days. The heads in the picture are the only finished portions and in them his painting of flesh is again superb. No wonder that it has been said of him, "His flesh colours alone baffled every one of his pupils and imitators."

XXI

PARIS—LUXEMBOURG

WE of America are justly proud that Whistler's "My Mother" (Fig. 112) is one of the greatest treasures of the Luxembourg gallery. Yes, that dear old lady is a mother in Israel, for she stands for world-motherhood. Whistler was wont to call the picture an "Arrangement in Grey and Black." We protest, however, that the public cares very little about its being an "Arrangement in Grey and Black," but insist that it does recognise the mother element in the calm, gentle old lady quietly meditating as she sits with folded hands and peaceful face. That "Mother" ought to find a place in every home in America; she is *our* mother and we need her blessed influence. If Whistler had painted but this one picture his fame would have been secure, the same as Thomas Gray's for his "Elegy." The perfect simplicity of the composition is "the result of the studies of a lifetime," as the artist himself has expressed it. Little wonder, therefore, that he excelled in giving his pictures the "maximum effect with the minimum of effort."

Fig. 112. Whistler's Mother. Whistler. Luxembourg, Paris.

Fig. 113. Carmencita. Sargent. Luxembourg, Paris.

Naturally we turn next to Sargent's "Carmencita" (Fig. 113), for we are gratified that another of our own artists has received honour in the Luxembourg. Coming into the room where this painting hangs, one feels as though the famous dancer had just stepped out before us on the brilliantly lighted stage. Her deliciously coloured gown, which has caught the light of a thousand candles, glitters and sparkles until our eyes are dazzled with the lustre of the fabric. Her jet-black hair gleaming in unison with her flashing eyes intensifies the warm glow of the living flesh of her face and arms. Entirely free from mannerism, this glorious creature represents the acme of the ballet dancer. Carmencita often appeared before Paris art-students, but it is said that her husband always hovered near, for no Spaniard ever permits the least shadow of suspicion to fall on his wife.

Another American artist, Henry Mosler, is represented in "The Prodigal's Return," in the Luxembourg. Mosler has told the old, old story, varying it in his own original manner, with a pathos and sincerity that touch every heart. The note of despair that cries out from every line of the prostrate boy, who has come too late for forgiveness from the dead parent, would be unbearable were it not for the human sympathy of the attendant priest. The expression of grief,

pity, and love on the spiritual face of that man of God relieves the awful tension of the sad scene.

One of the most striking pictures in the Luxembourg is Breton's "The Gleaner" (Fig. 114). The artist has here shown his wonderful power as a figure-painter. The charm of the girl lies in her perfect fitness for the life of the gleaner in the fields. She stands before us a rustic beauty, yet the appropriateness of the sheaf on her shoulder, the shocks standing near, and the level field stretching away in the distance make her heritage secure. Breton could paint the peasant men and women and give them personal characteristics entirely their own. No one could mistake them for make-believe labourers; they are true children of the soil giving dignity to whatever they are doing. The artist's unfailing belief in his mission gave him a high standing with the French people and placed him among the first painters of the nineteenth century.

In "The Dream" (Fig. 115), Detaille has well illustrated the famous general's remark: "We are ready, quite ready; we miss not a gaiter button." He has elaborated details in the scene until each soldier has become a personal element and "The Dream," pictured in the sky, an individual fancy of a troubled brain. Unfortunately the reproduction does not portray the dream as shown so delicately in the painting, where

FIG. 114. The Gleaner. Breton. Luxembourg, Paris.

Fig. 115. The Dream. Detaille. Luxembourg, Paris.

the soldiers are charging in battle with realistic action. Detaille loved battle pieces and military scenes, and his own experience in the Franco-Prussian war gave him just the material for his pictures.

Decamps' "Foundling" (Fig. 116) would melt a heart of stone. That wee mite of humanity needs no words to plead its cause. There is something elemental in such a picture; its appeal is so human that no one could resist, even though fallen to the depths of degradation. What could be simpler in composition—just a little baby in swaddling-clothes wrapped in an old shawl lying at the foot of a stone step? Its tiny hands are held out to the passer-by and a faint smile lights the baby-face. Could a more eloquent plea be made in behalf of deserted little waifs than is expressed in this simple picture of a homeless baby?

Rosa Bonheur stands second to none in her "Oxen Ploughing" (Fig. 117). What accurate knowledge she has of oxen under the stress of work and of the beauty of the ploughed field! She knows from experience that the second pair of oxen at the plough require all the skill of the driver to keep them pulling their share. Handsome animals they are, too; and how they palpitate with the life of the farm! Rosa Bonheur learned her animal lessons direct from nature; she was wont

to visit the horse-fairs, cattle-shows, and the farms to study the animals in their natural environment. No one ever molested the clever "boy artist," as she was called, because dressed in the blouse and breeches of the peasant boy; she came and went at her ease, for her animal pictures pleased the simple folk of the countryside. The "Horse Fair," in the Metropolitan Museum, New York City, is the best-known of her paintings, but even that is not so full of the spirit of the farm as is this picture of the "Oxen Ploughing." She has here given the poetry of common things and made us feel the joy of the big out-of-doors; then in no country are the oxen used at the plough finer specimens of bovine flesh than the Normandy cattle, hence the incentive was great for both Troyon and Rosa Bonheur to make their oxen-pictures masterpieces.

While we deplored too much realism in Von Uhde's "Bethlehem," in the Dresden gallery, we gladly acknowledge the ring of sincerity that comes from every brush-stroke of "Christ in the Peasant's Hut" (Fig. 118). The simple people in their homely surroundings and every-day clothes are in perfect keeping with the gentle Saviour who has appeared among them. There is no mock humility in the bowed heads of the humble family. nor idle curiosity in the lifted heads, but reverent wonder that the blessed Lord

Fig. 116. The Foundling. Decamps. Luxembourg. Paris.

Fig. 117. Oxen Ploughing. Rosa Bonheur. Luxembourg, Paris.

Fig. 118. Christ in the Peasant's Hut. Von Uhde. Luxembourg, Paris.

Fig. 119. The Hemicycle. Chavannes. The Sorbonne (University of Paris), Paris.

has come to them. Wherever the Christ appears in Von Uhde's pictures the scenes are of to-day and among the lowly. As a painter, Von Uhde stands unchallenged; his colours are in low, grey tones, his light is good and his whole work full of integrity and unaffected grace. Next to Hofmann, his religious pictures are perhaps as well known as those of any artist of modern times.

The greatest work of Puvis de Chavannes is "The Hemicycle," in the Sorbonne (Fig. 119). It would scarcely be wise to omit seeing this fresco in the Sorbonne, even if one's time is limited. The painting decorates the wall back of the stage in the great lecture hall of the University. The fresco is an allegory of Letters, Sciences, and Arts. The central figure is the presiding genius—possibly the spirit of Robert de Sorbon, the founder of the University—while beside her are two youths with laurel crowns and palm branches. From below the throne flows the pure stream of knowledge from which all drink, both young and old. Chavannes long contended that in mural painting there should be perfect harmony between the landscape and the figures and that both must blend with the architectural setting. The purity of his pallid colouring and the severity of arrangement in his compositions make us feel that we have come into a region where life is clean and thoughts are pure. He fought with unruffled

calm against the artificial of the last century, and although a storm of criticism was hurled at him on all sides, he won the day with his truth, sincerity, and simplicity. Before his death at the opening of the new century, all France gave him honour and his paintings became the masterpieces of French art. We are proud to have one of his choice frescos in the Boston Library.

XXII

LONDON—NATIONAL GALLERY

WE will not stop to study Raphael's two large Madonna pictures in the National Gallery, having already seen many of his masterpieces, but will go directly to Sebastiano Piombo's "Raising of Lazarus" (Fig. 120), the painting made in competition with Raphael's "Transfiguration" (Fig. 11). As we look at the risen Lazarus we recall that Michael Angelo was credited with the drawing of that figure. Piombo was rather weak in that particular branch of his art, and the great master, having fears for his favourite, himself drew in the principal figure. Although this statement is sometimes questioned, yet the muscular development of Lazarus, compared with that of the other persons in the picture, seems proof enough that a greater artist than Piombo designed the figure. Scarcely have the words, "Lazarus, come forth!" been spoken when the awakened man, bound in grave-clothes, rises with new life teeming in every muscle, every joint, and every sinew; asking no assistance, he at once tears the clinging cerements from his

limbs, using hands and feet in his eagerness for freedom. Such muscular vigour is true to Michael Angelo's figures in the Sistine Chapel and may well stand as his when the reputation of his beloved Sebastiano is at stake.

Next to this masterpiece of Piombo's is Veronese's "St. Helena" (Fig. 121). There is here no display of magnificent brocades heavy with jewelled trimmings, so common in Veronese's pictures, but rather a conspicuous lack of brilliant colour and sparkling ornament, as though to render more significant the quaint old legend of the Roman queen. History and tradition are so closely interwoven in the life of this Christian woman that to separate them is practically impossible. Queen Helena, the mother of Constantine the Great, saw in a vision the exact situation of the true cross on Golgotha in Jerusalem. She journeyed to the Holy City and on the spot indicated in her dream found the precious relic. Veronese has chosen the moment when sleep has overcome the queen and angels appear with the cross. The graceful naturalness of her pose as she rests her head on her hand, and the fleeting glimpse of the cross as it drifts across the sky, lift this scene out of the conventional and stamp it as the product of an original thinker. Words fail to describe the lambent glory that the sunlit, reddish-yellow gown pours over the vision.

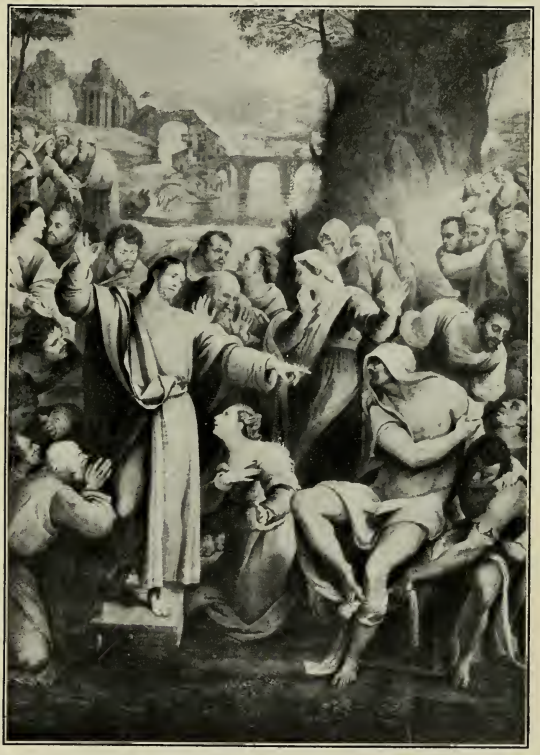

Fig. 120. Raising of Lazarus. Piombo. National Gallery, London.

Fig. 121. St. Helena. Veronese. National Gallery, London.

The picture itself is a dream of loveliness in its quiet elegance and lofty sentiment.

Near Veronese's "St. Helena," is Tintoretto's "Origin of the Milky Way," another of his classical subjects treated in a most daring manner. The individuality of the artist was never more pronounced than in the headlong flight of Jupiter bringing the infant, perhaps Vulcan or Mars, to his mother Juno, the dainty-limbed goddess thrown across the canvas in defiance of all precedent, the milky spray starring everything in its path, and the bold prominence of eagle and peacocks as the favourite birds of the immortal couple. Although this picture scarcely equals those perfect compositions in the Ducal Palace, Venice (see Fig. 49), yet it is so charged with vitality that the effect is overwhelming.

We need but turn around to look at Moroni's "Tailor" (Fig. 122), a portrait so lifelike in attitude and appropriate to the man's calling that it stands as the acme of portraiture. That man, whose name was Tagliapanni, may have been a special tailor in Italy, but his portrait represents the trade in any country. Moroni knew how to paint "men," and while he shows us the costumes and temperaments of the Italians of the sixteenth century, yet we have here the genus *man* developed to the highest in a special calling, regardless of time or place.

As we study his "Lawyer," and note the freshness of colour, the alert expression on the man's face, and the up-to-dateness of the execution, we might think it just fresh from the artist's studio. Such portraiture makes all the world akin, for it emphasises that quality in humanity which distinguishes man from the beast.

Another portrait in the National Gallery that stands for the delineation of personal characteristics is Bellini's "Doge Leonardo Loredino" (Fig. 123). This likeness of the aristocratic old face is so true that the Doge's biography might be written quite easily from its tell-tale lines. One does not need to be told that this is the man who carried the Venetian Republic through the most trying and tumultuous periods of its existence. Loredino became doge in 1501. Pope and emperor, France and Spain combined to destroy his power, but without avail. The intrepid old warrior stood firm though the republic was irredeemably impoverished and deprived of all its Italian possessions. We now note with deepened interest how beautifully clear-cut is each feature of the fine old face, the deep-set eyes, the strong nose, the firm, sensitive mouth, the stubborn chin—all confirm the historical record and at the same time place Giovanni Bellini among the great masters of portraiture.

In Velasquez' two portraits of Philip IV. of

Fig. 122. The Tailor. Moroni. National Gallery, London.

FIG. 123. Doge Loredano. Bellini. National Gallery, London.

Spain, he shows us the king when a young man and again when about fifty years old. Velasquez painted this fitful monarch in every conceivable pose and costume, possibly thinking to vary his dull, uninteresting countenance by external changes, In the portrait of him at middle life he is dressed in black and wears the stiff, projecting collar which he had himself invented. It is related that Philip was so elated over the new collar, the product of his own ingenuity, that he gave a festival and followed it by a procession to the church to thank God for the blessing. Not even Velasquez could give animation to the thin, narrow face with its lustreless eyes, heavy projecting Austrian lip, and pale yellow hair, yet he did make the monarch a living, breathing personality.

One of the most famous of Rubens' portraits is "The Chapeau de Paille" (Fig. 124), better known as the "Straw Hat," although the latter name grew out of a mistake in spelling—the hat is really felt. It is possible that this lady was the artist's fiancée at one time; be that as it may, she certainly was some one whose personal charms attracted him. Rubens' manner of contrasting the black hat and dress with the brilliant flesh tones of face and neck is one of his most tantalising methods of effecting amazing results. Was any artist ever more skilful in putting on canvas the essence of human flesh? It throbs

and glows from under his brush as though the life fluids were pulsing through its capillaries.

Madame Lebrun was so pleased with Rubens' "Straw Hat," that she painted her own portrait in the same pose and style of dress, which painting is also in the National Gallery. We are disappointed in it, however, for the natural piquancy so attractive in the "Straw Hat" seems forced and unnatural in the Madame Lebrun portrait. We turn back in relief to the painting of herself and little daughter, in the Louvre (Fig. 100), knowing that in that portrait group she has done herself justice.

The treasure of Dutch landscapes in the National Gallery is Hobbema's "Avenue" (Fig. 125). Here is a prosaic scene from nature so idealised by the magic brush of the master that one never tires of looking at it. Browning was right when he wrote:

> "We're made so that we love
> First when we see them painted, things we have passed
> Perhaps a hundred times nor cared to see."

But why do we love this scene now that it is painted? Is it not the broad expanse of sky that holds us? Ruskin used to say, "We look too little at the clouds." Surely that drifting, changing mass is

Fig. 124. Chapeau de Paille. Rubens. National Gallery, London.

Fig. 125. The Avenue. Hobbema. National Gallery, London.

"——the daughter of the earth and water
And the nursling of the sky!"

as it floats fleece-like hither and thither. The tall, scraggly trees bordering the grey, dusty road lead the eye past the distant town with its church-spire a silhouette against the low horizon, into the dusky film of cloudland. The picture sings to us of peace and plenty, of church-bells and heavenly visions. Is that bit of country prosaic now that Hobbema has opened our eyes to its beauty?

XXIII

LONDON—NATIONAL GALLERY
(Continued)

NOT always are the pictures of the founder of a country's art interesting to the general sightseer, but Hogarth's are an exception. Springing into existence a full-blown painter, as it were, he, from the beginning, pictured the English people as he saw them. His "Shrimp Girl" (Fig. 126) walked the streets of London, and her voice was heard daily calling her wares for sale. He has arrested her ceaseless activity and with an unerring brush has fixed on canvas her fleeting smile and passing thought. This street vendor would not be a foreign element among the London criers of to-day, although it is two hundred years since she posed for her portrait. Hogarth discarded the rules and regulations laid down by schools of art. He said: "I have ever found studying from nature the shortest and safest way to attaining knowledge in my art. . . .," and what typical studies from nature he made! Stop a moment and look at his "Marriage à la Mode," "Industry and Idleness," etc. England was at that time overwhelmed with evil and vice.

FIG. 126. The Shrimp Girl. Hogarth. National Gallery, London.

Fig. 127. Artist and Dog. Hogarth. National Gallery, London.

Fig. 128. Canterbury Pilgrims. Stothard. National Gallery, London.

A second Cervantes was needed, so Hogarth stepped into the breach and with his brush and pencil hurled such biting ridicule and scathing sarcasm at church and state that England, like Spain, awakened to the condition of her morals. Soon Hogarth's pictures became simply chronicles of evils that had passed.

One look at the "Portrait of the Artist and his Dog" (Fig. 127) is sufficient to reveal the secret of the man's power to quell evil. That face indexes the artist's good humour and keen sense of the absurdities of life, also his ability to cut to the quick with caustic sarcasm where ridicule failed. Perhaps his pug-dog, Trump, reflects a little of the master's stubborn nature; at any rate Hogarth persisted in discovering the vital points in the social evil and then deliberately exposed them with a realism not to be mistaken in meaning. But he did not always use a probing brush, since his "Portraits of the Servants of his Household" show how lovingly he could record the characters of those who were faithful to his interests. While Hogarth was a reformer, striking to the very core of the country's weakness, he was at the same time an artist who painted pictures that will live, because of their artistic value.

A picture especially interesting because of its literary significance is Stothard's "Canterbury Pilgrims" (Fig. 128). Chaucer's "so myrie a

compaignye" of twenty-nine pilgrims seem well on their way toward Canterbury. Possibly the Knight, the Miller, and others have told their tales, and maybe the Wife of Bath is now telling her tale, at least she holds quite a prominent place in the company. We feel that Stothard's pictorial interpretation of the poet's graphic words has made that memorable "pilgrymage" so real that we too might join

> " . . . . . the compaigne,
> Of sondry folk, ...
> That toward Canterbury wolden ryde."

Reynolds' "Angel Heads" (Fig. 129) is a picture particularly dear to children. This artist was especially happy as a painter of little girlhood—in fact, he has no rival in depicting this phase of the child-world. Although Reynolds was a bachelor, he knew just the deference he must pay to Miss Six-years-old in order to abide in her good graces. When once the dainty maiden has accepted his attentions we can see her shyly drawing close to the great artist as though dimly conscious, while they plan the "sittings," that some unusual honour is hers. The "Angel Heads" are different poses of little Miss Gordon, a girlie very dear to the heart of the childless man.

Reynolds' tendency to tamper with his pigments was fatal to many of his paintings. This

Fig. 129. Angel Heads. Reynolds. National Gallery, London.

Fig. 130. Mrs. Siddons. Gainsborough. National Gallery, London.

Fig. 131. The Hay-Wain. Constable. National Gallery, London.

was notably true in the use of wax with his colours to give them greater transparency. It is said that Gilbert Stuart in great agony of mind found an eye moving slowly downward on a Reynolds' head he was copying. Only by quickly moving the painting into a cold room could he stop the eye, and then he gradually worked the dislodged member back to place again.

When English portrait-painting was at its height in the eighteenth century, Mrs. Siddons was the reigning queen on the stage. George IV. was wont to say of her: "She is the only real queen—all others are counterfeits." In Gainsborough's "Portrait of Mrs. Siddons" (Fig. 130), we find her portrayed as her own sweet self. Many critics pronounce this portrait the artist's masterpiece. Although he has here broken every law laid down by his rival, Sir Joshua Reynolds, yet technically it is without a flaw.

Gainsborough was very susceptible to the moods of his sitters and only when they were in full sympathy with him and responded to his enthusiasm could he do them justice or paint his best. That he worked under a growing excitement in making this glorious portrait of the famous woman is plainly evident. The incentive of rivalship with the great Reynolds and the high privilege of painting the woman honoured by king and public were both causes for intense concentration. Never has

the "Gainsborough hat" crowned a head with more distinguished grace; the drooping plumes and clinging, soft plush brim still further enhance the glory of the fluffy golden-yellow hair. It is not surprising that a hundred years has made little change in a head-covering so becoming to womankind.

As we sit before Constable's "Hay-Wain" (Fig. 131), we are conscious at once that the artist has gone direct to nature for his inspiration. The "Hay-Wain," exhibited in Paris in 1824, greatly impressed the French landscape-painters. They recognised in Constable the elemental which was just the stimulus they needed in perfecting the Barbizon school of 1830. Constable was a close student of the Dutch landscapists, but differed from those artists in that he saw in the grass and midsummer leaves a vivid green unmixed with brown. His own words explain the "home" feeling that his pictures inspire. "I have always succeeded best with my native scenes. . . . . They have always charmed me, and I hope they always will." "The Hay-Wain" and the "Valley Farm," that hang side by side in the gallery, transport us to country places where the little streams are bordered with overhanging trees and the tiny cottages creep close to the water's edge. The artist's working-hours—from ten to five—revealed to him many secrets about a cloudy sky

with the sun ever struggling to break through the mass of clouds. The sun's rays often filter through the rifts in bright patches, giving the effect of spottiness, but this is to be expected for only here and there can his perpendicular shafts penetrate the filmy veil. Constable seemed never to forget the words of Benjamin West, spoken to him early in his art career: "Always remember, sir, that light and shadow *never stand still*."

Perhaps the most petted artist in England was Edwin Landseer, and surely one of the most petted animals he ever painted is seen in his "Shoeing the Bay Mare" (Fig. 132). She is a beautiful creature with animal intelligence far beyond that of the ordinary horse. The glossy red coat of this favourite, which glistens and glows in the red fire-light, like one of Dou's copper kettles, evidences the loving care she receives. The criticism that Landseer's animals are too human is well made when the beasts of the forests are his subjects, but when he chooses the pets of the household, be they horse, dog, or cat, the human element is a feature not to be ignored. We are bound to admit that animals constantly associated with man do acquire certain tricks of memory bordering on human intelligence, and it is this glimmer of immortality that Landseer portrays in the faces of his animals. Unfortunately, however, the sentimentalism of the times bewitched his

brush and he often went to such extremes in humanising his animals that in many cases the only human attribute they lack is speech.

Landseer began his art career when not more than five or six years old. His father later in life was wont to point with pride to the open fields and say: "Edwin's first studio." Fortune smiled on him from the beginning and his art became the talk of the hour. The society-sick people found delight in the freshness and naturalness of his genre subjects; they gladly gave homage to one bringing a new element, since the monotony of the artificial was palling on them.

We now enter the Turner room, but find ourselves dazed and incapable of comprehending the meaning of the paintings surrounding us. Somehow the light dazzles us and a mist seems to envelop the paintings. We must remember that *light* was Turner's foundation principle of colour and must adjust ourselves to his interpretation of light. "The Fighting Téméraire" (Fig. 133) has been the most universally accepted as the artist's masterpiece. In this one may see at its height the peculiar glory produced with light as colour. Even the half-tone reproductions give a faint suggestion of the power of light in the picture, but do not approximate the glory of the original painitng. The phantom-like vision of the old sea-warrior intimates what she was at

Fig. 132. Shoeing the Bay Mare. Landseer. National Gallery, London.

Fig. 133. The Fighting Téméraire. Turner. National Gallery, London.

Trafalgar when she led the van and won the victory for Nelson. The setting sun illumines mast, cross-beam, and hull as though to glorify the last journey of the gallant ship. The sputtering little tug is towing her away to final dissolution. It is said that Turner and some of his friends stood on the banks of the Thames watching the departure of the old *Téméraire* when one friend suggested to the artist that he make the scene before them the subject of a picture. Turner made no reply, but in the Academy Exhibition of 1839 he entered this painting, to the surprise and delight of every one.

Strange indeed was the life of this genius of the brush. Disappointed in love early in life, he shunned the world and became morose, miserly, dirty, and altogether unattractive. His one redeeming virtue was his unceasing love for his father. He would often say laughingly, "Father begins and finishes my pictures," because the old man stretched the canvas and varnished the finished painting. Turner's proneness to tamper with his pigments has resulted in a lack of permanency in colour that is evident in many faded canvases. To understand his art is to understand a dreamer with a vivid imagination. He represents nature in magical moods and in splendid attire, but he never came close to her heart like Constable.

XXIV

LONDON—NATIONAL PORTRAIT, TAIT, AND GROSVENOR HOUSE GALLERIES

THE modern room in the National Portrait Gallery has a large number of George Frederick Watts' portraits of England's distinguished men. Tennyson's lines:

> "As when a painter, poring on a face,
> Divinely, through all hindrance, finds the man
> Behind it . . . . . "

might have been written with Watts, the artist, in mind. He seems to expose the very soul of the sitter with his probing brush. Only men of character could have endured such searchings through the inner workings of the heart. What wonderful men those are that Watts has portrayed for us: William Ewart Gladstone, Robert Browning, John Stuart Mill, Thomas Carlyle, Lord Tennyson, Lord Lytton, Cardinal Manning, Cardinal Newman, and a score of others! Poet, statesman, and churchman live again in his canvases. We linger long and tenderly before

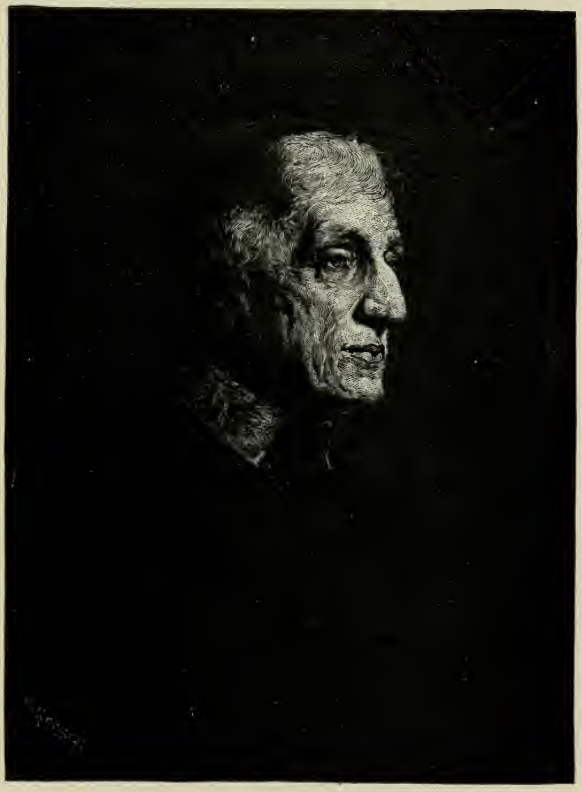

FIG. 134. Cardinal Newman. Watts. National Portrait Gallery, London

Fig. 135. Lady Macbeth. Sargent. Tait Gallery, London.

the author of "Lead, Kindly Light." When Watts painted that "Portrait of Cardinal Newman" (Fig. 134), he truly saw "the very pulse of the machine." Who could not read in the deep lines of the face the intense longing of that great soul for a creed that would satisfy? The sad, grey eyes, so calm in their steady gaze, tell of the peace that came with submission to the Roman Church. Such portraiture of those giants of the nineteenth century as Watts has bequeathed to England and to the world gives the epitome of some of the best men that England has produced.

It was not alone in portraiture that Watts reigned supreme. His pictures in the Tait Gallery seem to justify the statement that another Titian has arisen in Watts. No one can study that collection without feeling the truth of his own words: "My intention has been not so much to paint pictures that will charm the eye as to suggest great thoughts that will appeal to the imagination and the heart, and kindle all that is best and noblest in humanity."

Before giving these paintings in the Tait collection special thought, let us look at Sargent's "Ellen Terry as Lady Macbeth" (Fig. 135). Quite unique has been the life of this woman whose artistic career has never been surpassed. It is hard to realise that this tragic queen, "who

bears no resemblance to anybody else," was once the child-wife of the great English painter, George Frederick Watts. How tenderly that pure, noble-minded man retrieved the mistake and gave back the freedom that youth desired! Perhaps this readjustment in the lives of these two geniuses was after all the spur that urged them to the achievement of great things in their respective arts. Sargent has vividly portrayed Ellen Terry's marvellous impersonation of Lady Macbeth, showing Shakespeare's queen as a real character, yet preserving distinct the personality of actress and painter. It is a rare gift when an artist can picture precisely an actor's interpretation of a character and yet preserve his own originality.

In Watts' pictures we find that symbolism is one of the pronounced features of the painter's art, but he used it so simply that no one can mistake his meaning. In his "Orpheus and Eurydice" (Fig. 136), he has put on canvas the picture Pope has described in words:

> "But soon, too soon the lover turns his eyes;
> Again she falls, again she dies, she dies!"

The sad story of this ill-fated pair always awakens a feeling of pity in our hearts. Poor Orpheus, soon after his marriage to Eurydice, was bereft of his lovely bride by death. He sang of his

grief to all the gods of the upper world, but to no avail. He then descended into the lower regions and accompanied by his lyre sang these words: "O deities of the under world, to whom all we who live must come, hear my words, they are true." His plea was so touching and his music so enchanting that even Pluto was won over and Eurydice was called. Orpheus was allowed to take her away on one condition—he must not turn to look at her until they had reached the upper air. Alas, why could not this gifted son of Apollo have curbed his impatience and waited until the portals of the lower world were passed? He looked back at his bride and she at once fell away from him. The most ravishing melodies from his lyre could not induce Pluto to release his beloved Eurydice a second time.

Watts has again and again treated the themes of life and death and love so powerfully and artistically that they have assumed both a wider and a deeper significance to the thoughtful. One of his most beautiful compositions is "Hope," so simple in composition, yet so big in thought. That single figure, resting alone on a deserted world with eyes blindfolded and harp-strings all broken but one, is nevertheless a harbinger of brighter things. No one can utterly despair with this picture as a daily reminder that hope still lingers in Pandora's box.

It is quite easy to gain admission to Grosvenor House, in London, so we must see Reynolds' "Mrs. Siddons as the Tragic Muse" (Fig. 137). At the first sitting Sir Joshua said to her: "Ascend the throne, which is incontestably yours, and suggest to me the Muse of Tragedy." She mounted the throne and took the attitude as we see her in this picture. Of this painting the artist maintained that "the colours would remain unfaded as long as the canvas would keep them together," and so far the statement is correct. It was at Mrs. Siddons' own suggestion to the artist "that he would not heighten that tone of complexion so accordant with the chilly and concentrated musing of pale melancholy." When she went for the last sitting she found the artist's name painted as embroidery on the edge of her robe. In answer to her look of inquiry, Sir Joshua graciously replied: "I could not lose this opportunity to hand down my name to posterity on the hem of your garment."

In this same Grosvenor collection is Gainsborough's "Blue Boy" (Fig. 138). Again the artist has used those blue tones so prominent in the shimmery blue gown of "Mrs. Siddons" (Fig. 130), but in emphasised masses. This is in direct opposition to the dictum of Reynolds that "the masses of light in a picture ought to be always of a warm, mellow colour—yellow, red, or a yel-

Fig. 136. Orpheus and Eurydice. Watts. Tait Gallery, London.

Fig. 137. Mrs. Siddons. Reynolds. Grosvenor House, London.

Fig. 138. The Blue Boy. Grosvenor House, London.

lowish-white; and the blue, the grey, or the green colours should be kept almost entirely out of these masses, and be used only to support and set off these warm colours." When genius meets genius and methods clash, yet the results are works inspired of God, the bigness of such great minds compels approval. Reynolds confessed of Gainsborough, "I cannot think how he produces his effects," and the younger man acknowledged of his rival, "How various he is." Critical yet magnanimous, these two men were never on familiar terms; but strangely enough, when the untimely end came to Gainsborough's life, it was Reynolds who stood by his bedside and was one of his pallbearers.

The hours we have spent together looking at the masterpieces of painting are ended, but the glimpses we have had into that vast world of pictures are but the introduction to a wider vision in the universe of art. Because of lack of time and strength we have been forced to pay no heed to hundreds of canvases and frescos that really deserved our attention. My chief aim has been to stimulate an interest in the best that art affords rather than to describe exhaustively, and if I shall be the humble means of awakening others to higher thoughts in the realm of art, my great desire will be attained.

In succeeding summers, I hope to take my silent yet faithful fellow art-lovers through other galeries that we have been compelled to omit on this hurried trip, and later to study the masterpieces of that beautiful sister to painting—sculpture.

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